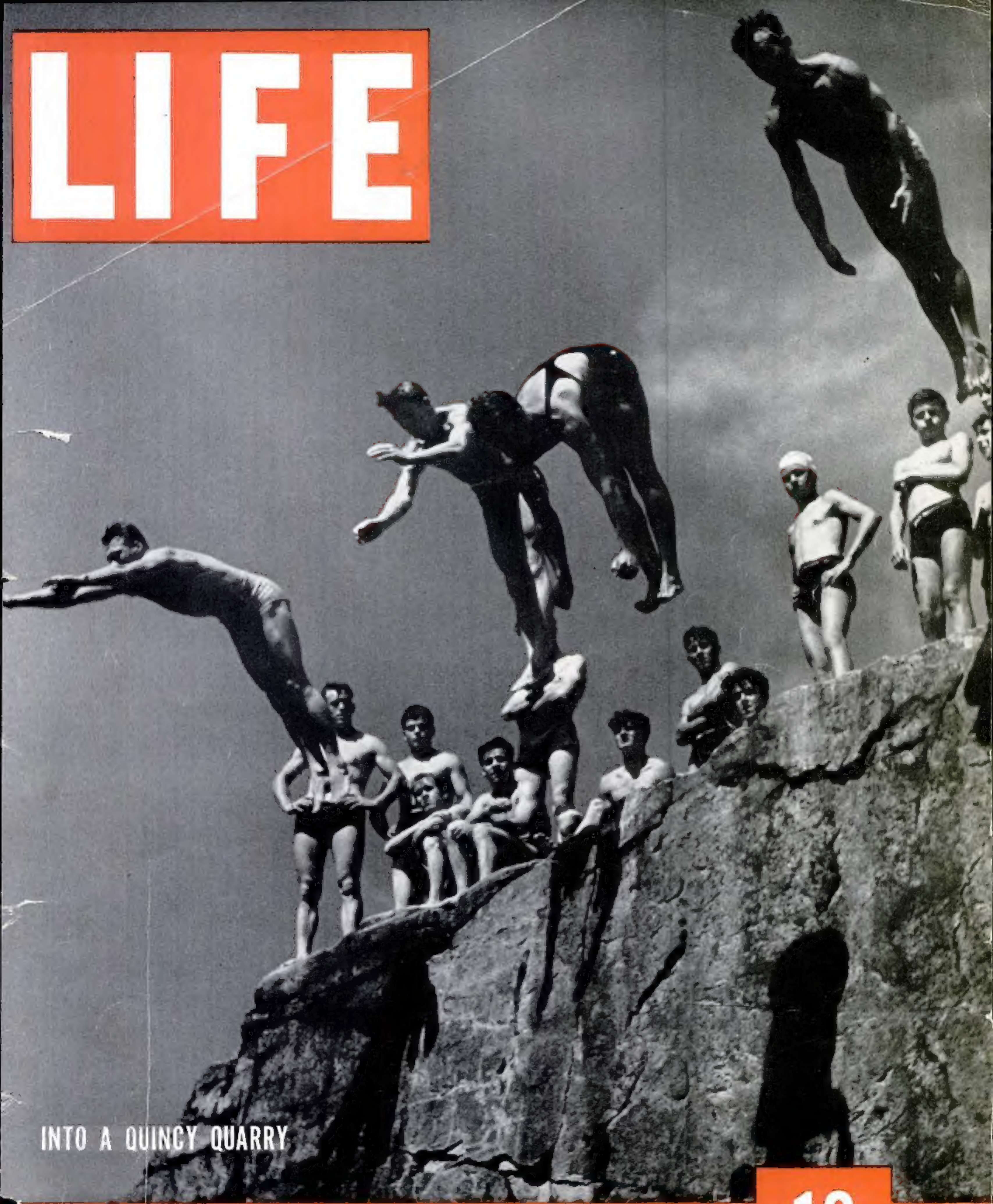


LIFE



INTO A QUINCY QUARRY

AUGUST 8, 1938

10 CENTS

"What does *LIFE* do that no other magazine has done before it? By what magic does *LIFE* draw to it so many millions of Americans of every age and posi-

tion, week after week, to enrich our experience and heighten our awareness of the world — to give us, in *LIFE*'s pages, the sense of living more abundantly?"

— From a Subscriber's Letter

In *LIFE* you are seeing THE WORLD'S GREAT ART!

Week after week, *LIFE* lets you see with your own eyes the outstanding paintings that are making news today, as well as the living art of the past that is making America's galleries and collections world-famous. Week after week, in *LIFE*'s pages, you can see these priceless art treasures from all schools and all centuries — to appreciate and evaluate them for yourself in the full beauty of their actual colors!

Since the year's beginning, you have seen in *LIFE* a progressive series of the world's Old Masters, including such schools as the Primitives — first users of oil and discoverers of perspective . . . the North Italian, Umbrian, Florentine and Venetian schools of the Italian Renaissance . . . the great Spanish painters, El Greco, Murillo, Velasquez, Ribera, Goya . . . and many others — as well as the first reproductions ever permitted to be made of the remarkable Frick collection in New York.

And *LIFE* has shown you representative Modern Art in the smooth, cool color and clean design of Georgia O'Keeffe's American paintings . . . the crowded canvases of Rockport's Jon Corbino . . . the sombre, earthy work of modern Mexican painters . . . the greatest outdoor sculpture show ever held in New York . . . and the angular, colorful abstractions in the world-famous Gallatin collection.

During the weeks and months and years to come, *LIFE* will continue to show you the world's great heritage of art in full color reproductions — any one of which would normally cost many times *LIFE*'s ten cent price. For *LIFE* — America's picture magazine — is planned with one purpose: to show you the world we live in — as it really is — in every field.



The Wedding Dance—Peter Brueghel (16th Century Flemish)



Summer Pleasures—William G. Palmer (Contemporary American)

NEWS -- SCIENCE -- ART -- INDUSTRY -- SPORT -- POLITICS -- AMERICANS AT WORK
AMERICANS AT PLAY -- PICTURES OF THE PAST -- PICTURES FOR PICTURES' SAKE
MOVIES -- BIOGRAPHY -- THEATRE -- MODERN LIVING -- TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION

Studebaker stands alone

when it comes to CRAFTSMANSHIP!



Edison Shearer is a student pilot as well as a skillful craftsman—He is pictured here with his Studebaker veteran father, Milton W. Shearer, as they discuss a shop problem. There's family pride as well as company pride in Studebaker craftsmanship. Half the workmen have been with Studebaker 10 years or more.

You pay nothing extra for these Studebaker indispensables

- Planar independent suspension
The famous Miracle Ride
- Automatic hill holder
No rolling back on up-grades
- Non-slam rotary door latches
Finger-touch closing
- Fram oil cleaner and floating oil screen
Amazing oil and motor economy
- Low prices, low down payment,
easy C.I.T. budget terms.

And the 7,300 friendly fellow townsmen who build Studebakers believe you'll say so, too, when you take a 10-mile Studebaker trial drive!

LONG years before anybody ever saw such a thing as a motor car, Studebaker workmanship was world-famed.

Studebaker started in the vehicle business in 1852—and many of the men who man the machines and assembly lines in today's great modern Studebaker plants are members of the same families that helped to create Studebaker's great quality reputation in the early days.

This inherited pride in fine craftsmanship is one reason why every Studebaker car or truck is so solid and sound in every inch—why it is able to stand up and stand out for years and for thousands of miles longer than expected—why Studebaker trade-in value is so consistently higher than average.

Go for a 10-mile trial drive in a 1938 Studebaker and see how much better it runs, rides, steers, brakes, accelerates, climbs hills and handles by comparison with any other car you've tried.

Studebaker excels in craftsmanship—but not in craftsmanship alone. Studebaker engineering and research are so consistently ahead of the times that the great 800-acre million-dollar Studebaker proving ground is widely acknowledged as the cradle of many of the great motor car advancements.



Andrew Schlarb gets off a streamlined drive on a popular South Bend golf course. Mr. Schlarb has been a Studebaker craftsman 14 years. He says it's an honor to work on the 1938 Studebaker, the car the authoritative Magazine of Art named "best-designed car of the year."



The Klaybors have been Studebaker men 99 years—Stanley Klaybor, pictured, is a great softball player, for all his 19 years of Studebaker service. His grandfather was a Studebaker man 45 years—and his father, still on the job, has 35 Studebaker years to his credit. Studebaker employs no transients. The average Studebaker craftsman is a solid citizen, 40 years of age.



STUDEBAKER

★ **DRIVE IT AND YOU'LL BUY IT!**

This One



GWJG-UGS-9T8Z

Copyrighted material



**A sun-loving lass
at Bon Aire**

**Asked a lifeguard to
save her scorched hair**

His reply was laconic

Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic

**And do your own
saving—so there!**



**40¢
AND
70¢**

PLAY . . . relax in the sun . . . but guard against dry scalp and sun scorched hair. Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly to supplement the natural scalp oils.

BEFORE EACH SHAMPOO give yourself a thorough 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatment. Rub the Tonic directly on to the scalp and massage well with deep rotary movements. If possible allow the Tonic to remain on overnight.

AFTER EACH SHAMPOO rub a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on the palms of the hands and smooth over the hair while it is wet. Then set your wave. You'll notice a new gloss and a new softness. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copyright 1938, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., New York

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Magic-Eye Golf

Sirs:

As one of 8,000 golf instructors in these United States, may I tell you that your marvelous pictures showing the Open champion, Ralph Guldahl, in action (LIFE, July 18), demonstrating his method of play with wood and iron shots, are of great assistance to us in getting golf-minded tyros to understand the correct technique of the golf swing.

Quoting the late President Woodrow Wilson, a self-confessed duffer: "Playing golf is an ineffectual attempt to put an elusive ball into an obscure hole with implements ill adapted to the purpose."

CHARLES FLETCHER

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

May I express the thanks and appreciation of myself and the many golf-enthusiastic readers of LIFE who will find remedies for the faults of an ailing golf swing in the "magic-eye" pictures.

GUS BEEAFF

Bloomfield, N. J.

Aerial Cowboy

Sirs:

Letters in LIFE, July 25, expressing indignation because Floyd Hanson uses an airplane to round up wild horses in southeastern Oregon are slightly off key. I have seen Hanson in action both in the Owyhee country and the Catlow Valley. His methods are humane and his work constructive.

It was all pretty tame and while I wouldn't attempt to describe the feelings of the broncmen themselves I believe it's a safe guess that they would rather have Hanson round them up than some of my rip-snorting buckaroo friends. In either case, all the "fuzzies" do is to run lickety-split through the sagebrush and look back annoyed and defiant.

The chief consideration in the matter is that of the local stockmen. They live in a semiarid country. Water and grass are none too plentiful. The ranchers feed enough deadheads with their limited means. The mongrel wild horses eat plenty of grass and drink water that should go to cattle, sheep and necessary stock horses. On top of that their manners are very poor for they trample hell out of the precious water holes.

If those who wrote you are genuinely interested in the wild horses to the extent of aiding stockmen to feed them next winter when forage is scarce, I will be pleased to receive any monetary contributions and will arrange with my friend Lute Kendall, foreman of the historic White Horse Ranch, and others to lay out a generous amount of natural hay this fall when the snow begins to fly. I know Lute from of old and you may believe me the job will be well done, along with some highly descriptive language of those souls who made it all possible. I will promise that only a small percentage of the contributions will be expended for White Horse Whisky (Lute's favorite).

D. J. CONWAY

Portland, Ore.

Miss Shearer's Dresses

Sirs:

Look at the two pictures of Norma Shearer in your story about the premiere of *Marie Antoinette* and the party at the Trocadero immediately afterwards (LIFE, July 25).

At the premiere, with Tyrone Power, Miss Shearer is wearing a white dress. At the party, dancing with Franchot Tone, she has on a black dress. My wife wants to know what about this?

JAMES P. TAPLEY

New York, N. Y.

● Miss Shearer explains that the white dress and coat of gold sequins which she

wore to the premiere weighed too much for dancing. She had the black dress waiting at the Trocadero, made a quick change.—ED.

Highest Falls

Sirs:

In the July 18 issue of LIFE I notice a picture captioned "World's Highest



ANGEL FALLS

Waterfalls," estimated to be a double drop totaling 3,000 ft., in British Guiana.

This waterfall is a pigmy in comparison with one found in Venezuela last fall by an American aviator, Jimmie Angel. Angel Falls, Venezuela (see cut), towers to an estimated height of between 5,000 and 6,000 ft. in one unbroken drop! It was measured by the reliable Kolesman altimeter in Mr. Angel's plane.

KIMBALL FLACCUS

New York, N. Y.

● Angel Falls is probably the highest single drop ever discovered and may be higher than the double drop of the British Guiana falls. Geographers will await further proof since the highest mountain in that region of Venezuela is only 8,000 ft., and mountains rise high behind the falls.—ED.

Camisole Lady

Sirs:

May I compliment you upon your July 18 cover picture? The beautiful young lady in the fetching camisole is a huge success, and I am in a position to know.

I run the switchboard in a busy Los Angeles law office. When I am not getting the wrong numbers for the boss I have an opportunity to observe the reading habits of our clients, and I must say that they enjoy LIFE immensely.

But getting back to the covers, I want to report that the ladies all study Miss Gertrude Lawrence's picture intently—sometimes remarking about her hat; everyone goes "Humm" at the West Point Wedding; they chuckle over Shirley Temple in the wheat field; and the picture of the one-eyed Czech Com-

mander seems to put them in a brown study. But do they go for the camisole girl? And how! If we have to keep a man waiting for an appointment it is just the thing. It kept one man from turning 20 minutes yesterday.

MARGARET M. PARKS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Two Helens

Sirs:

LIFE, I'm ashamed of you and your derogatory remarks about Helen Willis Moody in the July 25 issue. Is she doomed forever to be misjudged or will someone side with her in print just once. She is undoubtedly in accord with the code for women athletes, as taught in colleges. It is not sportsmanlike, or even intelligent, to continue playing when injured, possibly jeopardizing the whole future so as not to be criticized by the public.

If we, in college athletics, did as Miss Jacobs did, we should be barred thereafter from college athletics.

JUNE TINGLOF
Waltham, Mass.

Sirs:

It is time, I think, that Helen Jacobs came into her own in the tennis world, and I am glad that LIFE has chosen this time, after what must have been a most bitter disappointment for her, to pay tribute to the best sport and most gracious player in the game.

BETTY RIEGEL
Germantown, Pa.

Sirs:

As a caption to one of the pictures of myself which you used in the July 25 issue, the statement is made that I left the center court in tears after the final match at Wimbledon.

Because this is not true, as anyone who saw me before and after I left the court will agree, I should very much appreciate a retraction.

HELEN HULL JACOBS
Westbury, L. I., N. Y.



HELEN JACOBS

● LIFE was misled by news dispatches, gladly retracts. The picture above, taken at the time, shows Miss Jacobs biting her tongue, not crying.—ED.

Movie Censorship

Sirs:

If you took a bath, would you put on a long, old-fashioned bathing suit, a raincoat, boots, and a son's sweater?

The Legion of Decency and the Hays Office would demand at least this minimum costume if you were to be photographed for the moving pictures during a bath.

I find it hard to see why you give so

much direct and indirect approval of the "moral" activities of the Legion of Decency and of Mr. Breen and Mr. Hays, in your movie-censorship story (LIFE, July 18).

Is a movie-goer given spiritual stimulation or something when he sees "kicking of the human posterior"—allowed, as you note, by the Hays Office? And are his morals then all knocked to pieces because he sees a bit of female thigh between stocking and underwear?

What strange passion drives the Hays board and the various censorship bodies to expect on the screen nothing that can remotely connect with reality? Isn't it just possible that the public is staying away from more and more movies because it is tired of moviedom's fairyland?

REED HARRIS
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

What is the point in going back to the dirt and vulgarity that appeared in the movies ten or twenty years ago?

J. H. GROSS
Summit, N. J.

Sirs:

The thing that has been puzzling me is what effect the viewing of these unexpurgated pictures has had on the morals of the members of the Pennsylvania Board of Motion Picture Censors, and more recently on the Censors of the Hays Office.

CLARKE FOSTER
Glenolden, Pa.

Sirs:

In the article on censorship you stated that "unmarried characters may not occupy the same bed." Yet in *Kidnapped* one scene shows Arleen Whelan and Warner Baxter, who are not married in the picture, in the same bed.

MARQUERITE ADAMS
Huntington, W. Va.

● The scene was allowed because Baxter is fully dressed and only jumps into the bed to escape pursuing soldiers.—ED.

Sirs:

In your censorship story you said, "Men may not take off their pants."

How about the picture *There's Always a Woman*? I think Melvyn Douglas took off his pants very expertly. Maybe Mr. Breen was out to lunch.

EMILY WILLIAMS
Albany, N. Y.

● The pants rule was lifted in this case for a comedy scene.—ED.

Tops

Sirs:

I am the fellow who sold copies of LIFE in front of City Hall in Pittsburgh, during a terrible snow storm, in defiance of the Police Department's ban of "The Birth of a Baby" issue.

In your issue of July 18, you are hell-bent on a campaign to ban topless bathing suits.

With much gusto you pass in review the lean, the potbellied, the deformed and the hairy-chested. The inference is: "Aint it awful, Mabel?"

I am by no means a nudist, but I believe the day is past when anyone can be shocked by the sight of a masculine torso, be it ever so hairy, or plump.

You rated highly in the "Storkless Baby" issue. But in the banning of shorts you're no longer the "tops" with me.

AL TRONZO
Representative

House of Representatives
Harrisburg, Pa.

● LIFE was not campaigning against topless bathing suits, merely recording a trend.—ED.

BIGGEST CROP BRINGS BARGAINS IN FRESHNESS!

Never sweeter! Never juicier! And never so many rich-flavored California Valencias! That's what makes the record values in today's Sunkist Orange Sales.

Sunkist brings you just the finest Valencia, Fully tree-ripened. Practically seedless. Easy to peel, slice and separate. *Always BETTER, all WAYS!*

So enjoy a feast of freshness. Cool

golden glasses of the juice. The tender slices and sections in quick salads and desserts.

They enrich your diet in protective vitamins and minerals. Relieve fatigue. Help maintain your alkaline balance.

Stock up on Sunkist Oranges at your dealer's sale today. You save more when you buy in quantities.

Copyright, 1938, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Sunkist Valencia Oranges

PRIZE BOX OF ORANGES DAILY

Monday through Friday, "It's Sunkist Time!" with Ken Carpenter and Bill Goodwin. Saturdays only, "Billy Swift, the Boy Detective."

WOR, Newark — 6:45-7:15 AM; WEEI, Boston — WGN, Chicago — WREC, Memphis — KIRO, Seattle — 7:00-7:30 AM; WCAU, Philadelphia — KWK, St. Louis — 7:15-7:45 AM; WKBW, Buffalo — CKLW, Detroit — KGKO, Fort Worth — KOIL, Omaha — KMBC, Kansas City — KSTP, Minneapolis — WCAE, Pittsburgh — KOIN, Portland — 7:30-8:00 AM.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. 2708, Sunkist Building
Los Angeles, Calif.

Send the free booklet, "World's New Dental Story," recounting these discoveries in detail and "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous," with further health facts about oranges and lemons.

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES...



Propped at the rail, this dignified British sportswoman is taking things as they come at the British Grand National.



At the opera Mrs. Claude Beddington, British authoress, finds a whangee stick a convenience during intermissions.



A telescopic shaft, such as supports this Grand National race follower, is a modern improvement of doubtful value.



Ready to vote, this fur-coated Park Avenue matron waits patiently in line at a Manhattan polling place on 57th St.



British tweeds rest easily on shooting sticks while waiting at the paddock rail before the 1938 Grand National.



A detachable umbrella on her shooting stick, a raincoat, and about 6 ft. of mink make this Briton comfortable.

...THESE ARE SHOOTING STICKS

Like hors d'oeuvres on toothpicks are these British and American socialites who separately are shown making use of a swank device known as a shooting stick.

Invented, according to legend, nearly a hundred years ago by a flatfooted English grouse shot who needed a contraption to relieve the strain of waiting for birds to be driven past his butt, the shooting stick is basically a cane whose handle opens to form a seat. At its tip a large metal disc is usually attached to prevent the sitter from sinking down in the mud.

Inventive genius has since combined shooting sticks with umbrellas (integral and detachable), has made them telescopic, given them various other improvements. In the United States they sell at swank stores for \$10 to \$35, have not yet found acceptance by the masses. But in England, shooting sticks are seen not only at the better-known country seats but support thousands of middle-class Londoners in the interminable cues for theater seats, bargain sales, parades and public functions to which they are accustomed. Even in England, however, few shooting sticks are as arresting as the gaudy contraption of plaid calico on which Prince Monolulu, a famous English Negro race-track tipster, sat to await the passing of his King and Queen on their state visit to Paris last month.



Prince Monolulu, an eccentric Negro race-track tipster well-known at every British meet, followed King George

and Queen Elizabeth to Paris and incidentally made quite a good thing out of the Longchamps Grand Prix de Paris.



La Comtesse de Rohan-Chabot takes a Tyrolean hat and an English stick to a pheasant drive in France.

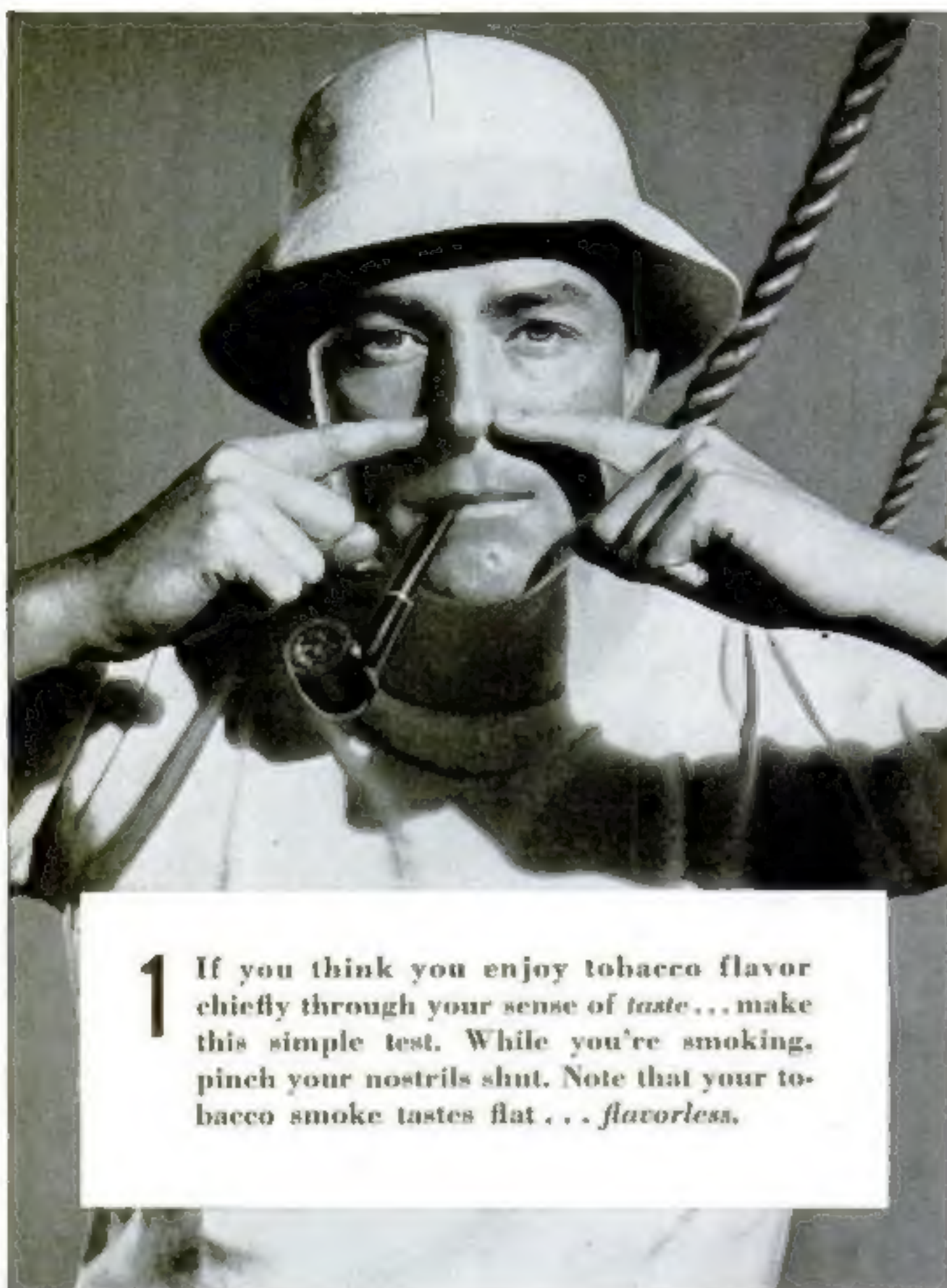


Kennel Club Judges, J. Kent and Col. H. M. Wilson, find shooting sticks are useful at the 25th annual retriever trials at Idsworth, Hants.



In a field of mangel-wurzels, at other trials, Major Smith, one of the guns, is ready for anything.

Let this Test lead you to FLAVOROMA!



1 If you think you enjoy tobacco flavor chiefly through your sense of *taste*... make this simple test. While you're smoking, pinch your nostrils shut. Note that your tobacco smoke tastes flat... *flavorless*.



2 Now let go. The flavor returns at once, proving you enjoy tobacco flavor chiefly through your sense of *smell*. That's why HALF & HALF's distinctive *aroma*, added to its finer *taste*, gives you richer, fuller flavor. This exclusive quality is called FLAVOROMA.

Why you get FLAVOROMA only from Half & Half

As the test shows, you enjoy tobacco flavor only partly through your sense of taste, largely through your sense of smell.

Knowing this, we set out to blend a tobacco appealing partly to your tongue, but especially to the keen nerves at the back of your nose.

In HALF & HALF, we finally got a blend that does just that. A blend with a very special quality which we call FLAVOROMA... a perfect combination of AROMA and TASTE that produces finer tobacco flavor.

It is this exclusive quality of FLAVOROMA in Half & Half that gives you more pipe-smoking pleasure than you've ever known.

Try HALF & HALF yourself. Learn why FLAVOROMA is switching so many pipe-smokers to this tobacco every day.

Copyright 1935, The American Tobacco Company



The Telescope Tin gets smaller and smaller as you use it, makes tobacco easy to get at all the way down. No scraped fingers as you reach down for the last load. (Patent No. 1,770,920.)

Enjoy the FLAVOROMA of
HALF AND HALF
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



On the march shooting sticks are carried thus. Note mud flange, height adjuster.



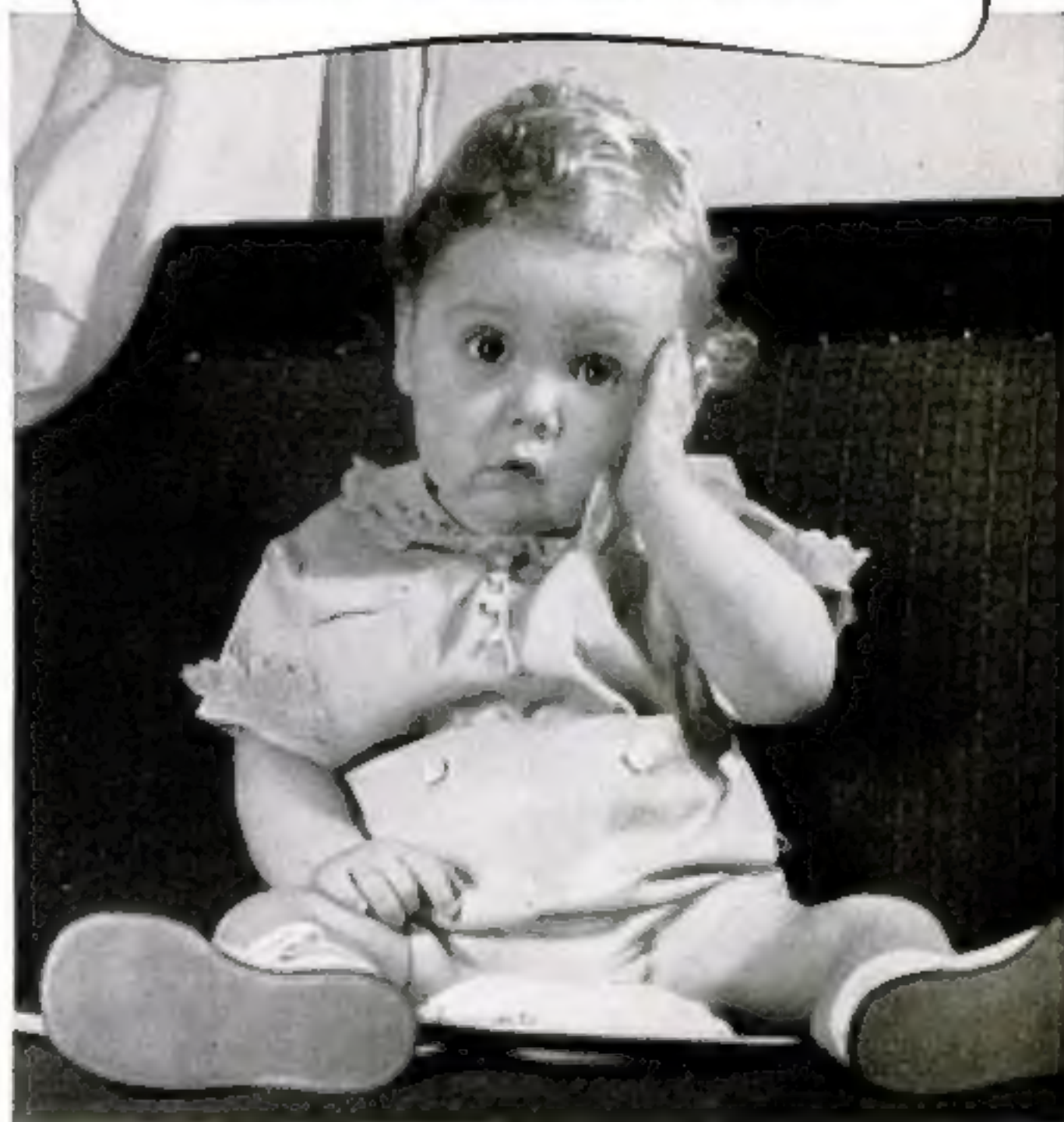
On the spot, the stick is made ready for action by spreading the handles.



Mrs. Johnny Farrell, wife of the 1928 Open golf champion, uses a shooting stick while awaiting her husband's approach, on July 11, at the Shawnee Country Club.

HED BE THE CUTEST BABY AT THE PARTY IF THAT SUIT WASNT SO FULL OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY

HIS POOR MOTHER MUST BE USING LAZY SOAP. I WISH TO GOODNESS SHED SWITCH TO FELS-NAPTHA AND LET ITS RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF GENTLE NAPTHA GET CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN AND WHITE!



EMBARRASSING? It certainly is—and then some—when people whisper about your clothes!

So why take chances with tattle-talegray? Lazy soaps can't wheedle out every last bit of dirt—no matter how hard you rub and rub. There's one sure way to get all the dirt—use Fels-Naptha Soap!

Get whiter washes! Try it and

see if you don't get the snowiest, sweetest washes that ever danced on your line! See how much easier and quicker its richer golden soap and lots of naptha make your wash!

Change to Fels-Naptha! Get a few golden bars from your grocer on your next shopping trip. You'll save money. And you'll save your clothes from tattle-tale gray.

COPY. 1926, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

PEPPIEST FLAKES EVER!
TRY FELS-NAPTHA
SOAP CHIPS. TOO!



Well-tailored suit, beaver collar, amusing pockets, in Farnsworth Royella or "Herald of Fashion" Tweed. \$49.95



Natural squirrel is youth's favorite trimming as illustrated in this double-breasted model. In Botany's Botonala. \$69.95



Go fur armed for Autumn conquests . . . in a new box coat of Botany's Botonala with Mainbocher fabric buttons, and dyed stitch trimming that looks like mink. \$98.95

Away you go to school

The whole world is watching you! In styles like these you'll establish the vogue that others follow. Here you have five "Herald of Fashion" originals deftly bowing to your casual and formal needs! They've been cut to college pattern in Farnsworth and Botany fabrics that look beautiful and will stay beautiful through the most arduous Winter schedule. Designed by Etta Gaynes. You'll find them in Debutante and Junior sizes at the stores listed, or write directly to the Herald of Fashion, 70 West 40th Street, New York.

Herald of Fashion
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



A three-piece wardrobe suit in "Herald of Fashion" Tweed or Farnsworth Royella. \$39.95

The coat covers the skirt of this reffer suit in "Herald of Fashion" Tweed or Farnsworth Royella. \$29.95

DUCHESSE
and
EARL-GLO
linings
used in
all garments

R. ALTMAN & CO., New York . . . also at the Altman East Orange and White Plains Shops

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Alton, Ill.....Young Dry Goods Co.	Buffalo.....L. J. Berger	El Paso.....The White House	Little Rock.....The Guy Bass Co.	Phoenix.....Korrick's D. G. Co.	Syracuse.....Flah & Co.
Altoona.....Simmonds	Canton.....The Stern & Mann Co.	Evansville.....Shop Nook	Los Angeles.....Myer Siegel & Co.	Pittsburgh.....Kaufmann's	Tampa.....Mass Bros.
Ardmore.....Baum's	Cedar Rapids.....Marlin's	Fort Worth.....W. C. Stripling Co.	Louisville.....Besten & Langen	Portland, Ore.....Meier & Frank	Talado.....Morgan's Peggy Shop
Asheville.....Hon Marché	Charleston.....The Vogue	Fulton, N. Y.....M. J. McDonald Co.	Lynchburg.....J. E. Miller Co.	Quincy, Ill.....Hodsdock P. Miller	Tranton.....Alice Elizabeth Shoppe
Atlanta.....Leon Frohain	Charlotte.....Montaldo's	Great Falls.....Strain Bros.	Madison.....Barry & Manchester	Reading.....Mary Sachs	Tulsa.....Brown-Dunkin Co.
Auburn.....A. S. Kael	Chattanooga.....The Vogue	Greensboro.....Montaldo's	Mason City, Iowa.....Damon's, Inc.	Richmond.....Meyer Greenberg's	Vicksburg, Miss.....Saxper's Shop
Augusta.....Frank Goldberg	Cincinnati.....The Jenny Co.	Greenville, S. C.....Cahanes-Gardner	McAllen.....Valley Mercantile Co.	Roanoke.....Samuel Spigel	Washington.....Woodward & Lothrop
Austin.....Yarling's	Clarkburg, W. Va.....Parsons-Souders	Hartford.....Mary Sachs	Memphis.....R. Lowenstein & Bros.	Rochester.....B. Forman Co.	Westbury.....Slattery's
Baltimore, Hochschild, Kohn & Co.	Cleveland.....The Higbee Co.	Hartford.....G. Fox & Co.	Meridian, Miss.....Liberty Shops	St. Paul, John W. Thomas & Co.	Westwood Village, Calif.....Myer Siegel & Co.
Bartlesville.....Montaldo's	Columbus, Ga.....Kaysor-Lillenthal	Hibbing, Minn.....Sapero's Style Shop	Minneapolis.....John W. Thomas Co.	San Antonio.....Stephan's Vogue	Wheeling.....Geo. E. Stifel Co.
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LIFE'S COVER: The divers shown on this week's cover are just launching themselves outward and down in swift parabolas that will end 33 ft. below in the waters of a deserted granite quarry at Quincy, Mass. To the young people of Norfolk County, Quincy's quarry is famed as the most thrilling and soul-satisfying swimming hole in New England. For other views of America's favorite summer pastime, turn to the story on Women's National A.A.U. swimming championships in Santa Barbara (pp. 46-47) and LIFE's beach party (pp. 61-64).

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LIFE



...ON THE AIR!

HELEN LEWIS

EVERY FRIDAY at 9:30 (E.D.S.T.)

LIFE now brings you *The March of Time* in a new series, on a new network, at a new time—every Friday at 9:30 PM (E.D.S.T.). And in this series of columns, LIFE takes you behind the radio scenes to tell you about the people who make *The March of Time*, and how they do it.

MARCH OF TIME NEWCOMER

In Ten Seconds she will be on the air. And Helen Lewis always has make-up right beforehand. She tugs at her stocking with unconscious last-minute desperation, then snatching off her hat and approaching the microphone (1) she watches intently for the director's cue signal, (2) gets her cue and concentrates on her part, (3) forgets her nervousness, forgets the mike, (4) plays the part!



One Night in 1934, while a junior in the University of Nevada, Helen Lewis took a leading part in the college's annual variety show. After the show she was called out to meet "an important man", a dark, thick-set, intent-looking Austrian, who thrust a volume of Shakespeare into her hands, and in a heavy accent asked her to read all the feminine parts in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". When she finished nearly an hour later, he said: "Good. I am Max Reinhardt. You shall play *Herms*". Traveling incognito, famed Austrian Director Reinhardt proceeded to Hollywood with his Reno discovery. She was promptly cast as under-study to Actress Olivia de Havilland in the Reinhardt stage version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream". After four rehearsals, Actress de Havilland left the company and Helen Lewis took her place as feminine lead in the Shakespearian fantasy. Since then she has played leading parts on stages in Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, turned down three Hollywood contracts, and in New York has become one of the foremost U.S. television actresses.

Mrs. Harold Ickes and the Crown Princess of Sweden, Ginger Rogers and Anne Clark Roosevelt in these and many another March of Time part Helen Lewis has in six months shown a vivid, sensitive, new talent, and an imaginative versatility. She now takes her place as the newest and youngest March of Time "regular".

LIFE ON THE AIR - THE MARCH OF TIME



"Imagine getting flowers from an Elephant!"

1. Here's the story. Yesterday I found a memo on my desk "Get circus clown named Gustav to perform for kids with Algernon, his trained elephant!" Such is life in a Children's Hospital!



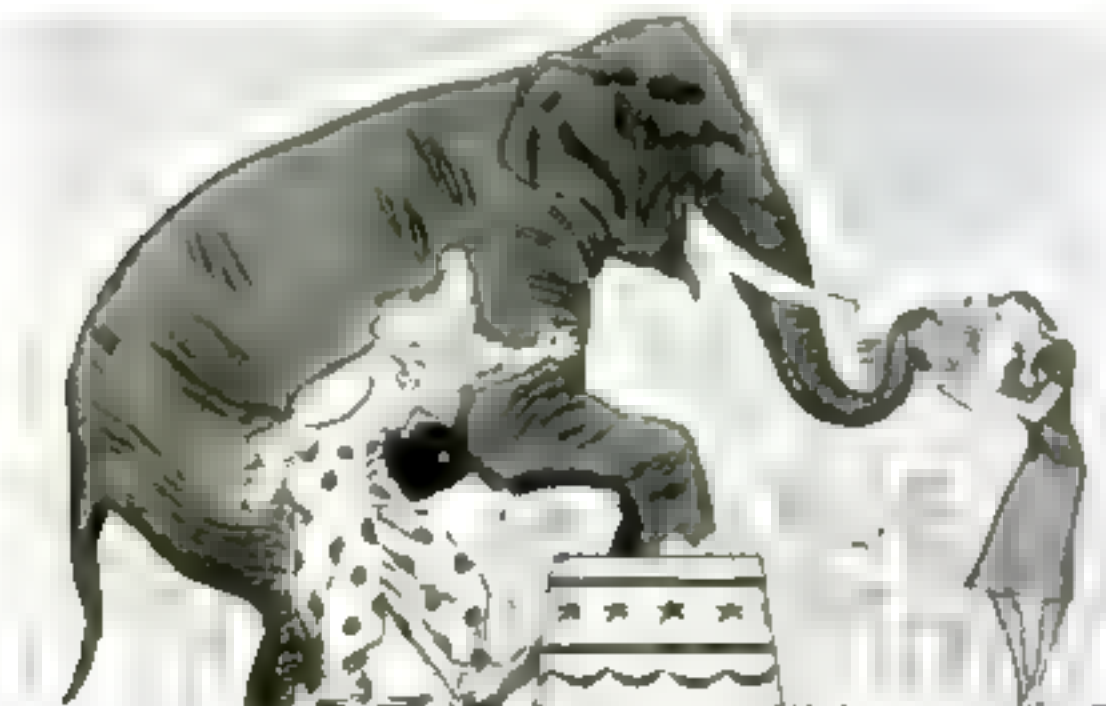
2. So I trudged over and located Gustav at the circus lunch counter. Heavens! Without his make-up, he didn't look at all funny—just tired and terribly peevish. But I got my spunk up and asked him to perform.



3. "Mom'selle, I mus' refuse. I am too tired to work," he sighed, with a weary gesture at the coffee urn on the counter. "It is because of that coffee. I love the coffee so much. But when I drink it I cannot sleep."



4. "I can fix that," I said: "if caffeine keeps you awake, you should drink Sanka Coffee. Perfectly gr-r-and coffee! But 97% of the caffeine has been removed. So you can drink it and sleep." "Hmmm," said Gustav. "We will see."



5. Lo and behold, who showed up this morning but Gustav and the elephant! After the show, the elephant presented me with a big bouquet. On it was a note: "Thanks for marvelous Sanka Coffee, I sleep like top! Gustav."

ICED OR HOT...SANKA COFFEE IS DELICIOUS!

Whichever way you sip your Sanka Coffee... as an ice-cold thirst-quencher or as a steaming, cheerful cup... your palate will rejoice over its rich, satisfying flavor.

For Sanka is real coffee—ALL coffee—one of the world's choice blends. Yet, if you're one of those kept awake by caffeine, Sanka is the perfect coffee for you.

97% of the caffeine has been removed, so Sanka Coffee can't possibly keep you wide-eyed at night. You can drink it... and sleep!

Be sure to make your Sanka Coffee strong, as all good coffee should be made. If you "perk" it, give it a few extra minutes "on the fire."

Your grocer has Sanka Coffee in either drip or "regular" grind. Get a can today. A General Foods Product.



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP



THIS NATIONAL GUARDSMAN, ON ORDERS FROM GOVERNOR, IS KEEPING WILLING WORKERS FROM WORKING IN STRUCK MAYTAG WASHING-MACHINE PLANT IN NEWTON, IOWA



MOULDER ANTLE MOULDER VOWED NOT TO SHAVE TILL PLANT REOPENED

TROOPS CLOSE IOWA'S MAYTAG PLANT

Washing-machine company had C. I. O. trouble

A tin-hatted soldier standing in an empty street outside an idle factory is no longer a novel sight in the industrial East. But the National Guardsman you see above is on strike duty in Iowa, greatest agricultural State in the land, where labor strife has seemed a remote dream beside the noble realities of corn and hogs. The street this soldier guards is in Newton, Iowa, and the factory behind him is the home of the Maytag washing machine. To Newton's 12,000 citizens the name Maytag has long meant benevolence and jobs—jobs for more than 2,000 workers, benevolence in the form of a park, swimming pool, Y M C A and fat bonuses to employees. To I. O. O. F. housewives the name Maytag has meant about the best way to do the family wash.

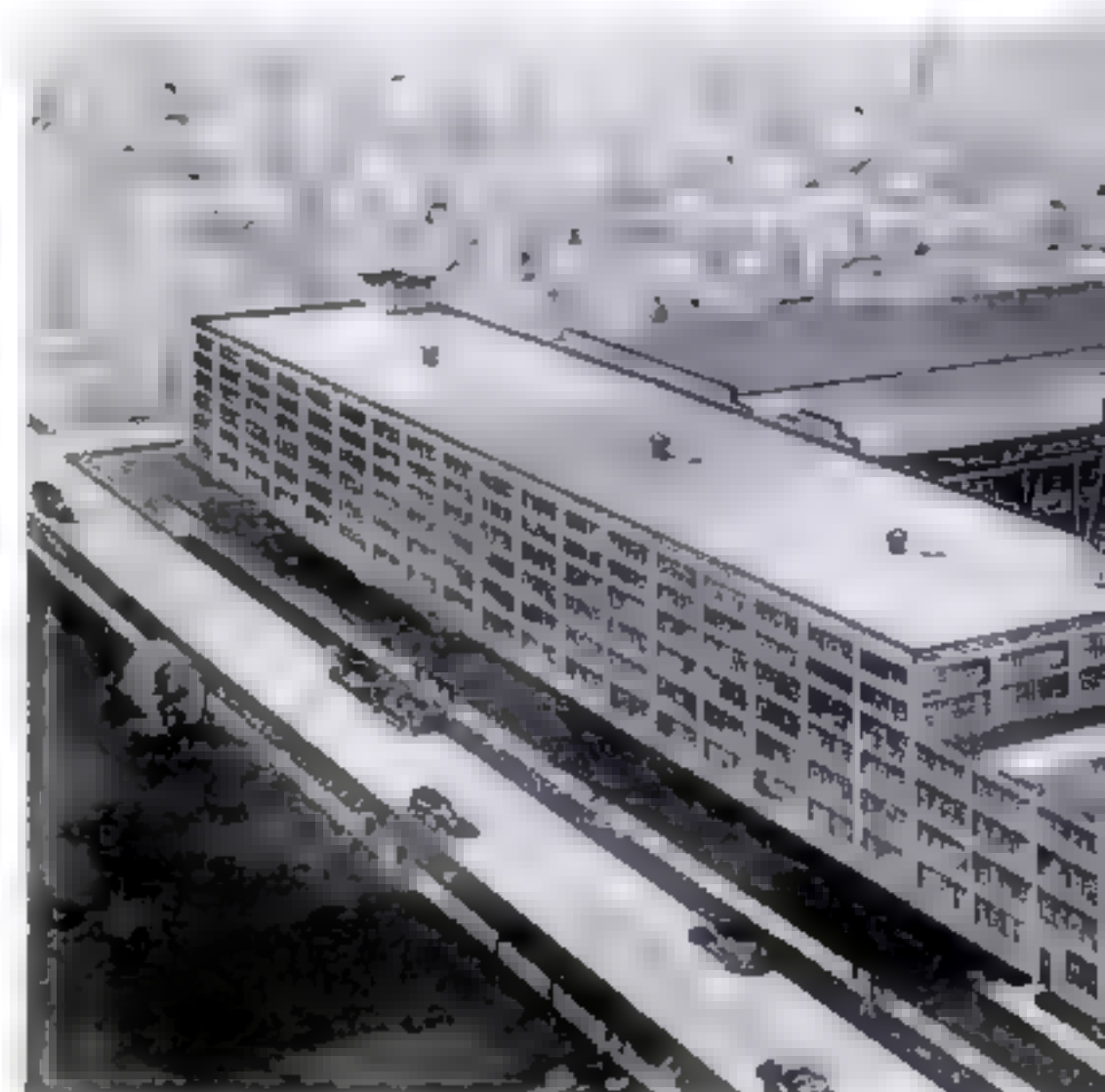
Since May 9 the Maytag Company has been struck down. Since July 19, soldiers have patrolled Newton's streets. In this drama of an Iowa town under martial law, no specters of espionage or brutality have obscured the issues. A generous company and a strong union disagreed on the expediency of a 10% wage cut. Maytag workers were faced with this question: should gratitude for past benefits and loyalty to a good employer weigh the balance against union pressure and desire for a high wage? The majority answer was "No."

MAYTAG WASHING MACHINES—1907-1938: A STORY OF THE INDUSTRIAL EXPANSION THAT



Cradle of the Maytag Company was this ancient factory leased from the extinct Newton Stove Works in 1894. Here

Fred L. Maytag set up a business manufacturing threshing machines. This building housed his clerical staff of two.



The Maytag works today occupy 14 acres, own assets of \$3,415,233. This drawing was made in 1934 and does not

Only in a great democracy could the Maytag Company have flowered from the seedling factory shown above into the sprawling colossus at upper right. Only through such burgeoning in a thousand cities and towns could America have become the great industrial democracy it is today.

The late Fred L. Maytag began his career as delivery boy in his father's Illinois grocery store. In 1893 he started building threshing machines in Newton. In 1907 he turned out his first washing machine, hand-operated. Later he applied gasoline and electricity for motive power. In 1922 his chief engineer hit on the novel "gyrafoam" principle which changed the whole character of the Maytag machine. Instead of "dollies" the new Maytag washer employed violently swirling currents of water, capable of cleansing but not damaging fabrics.

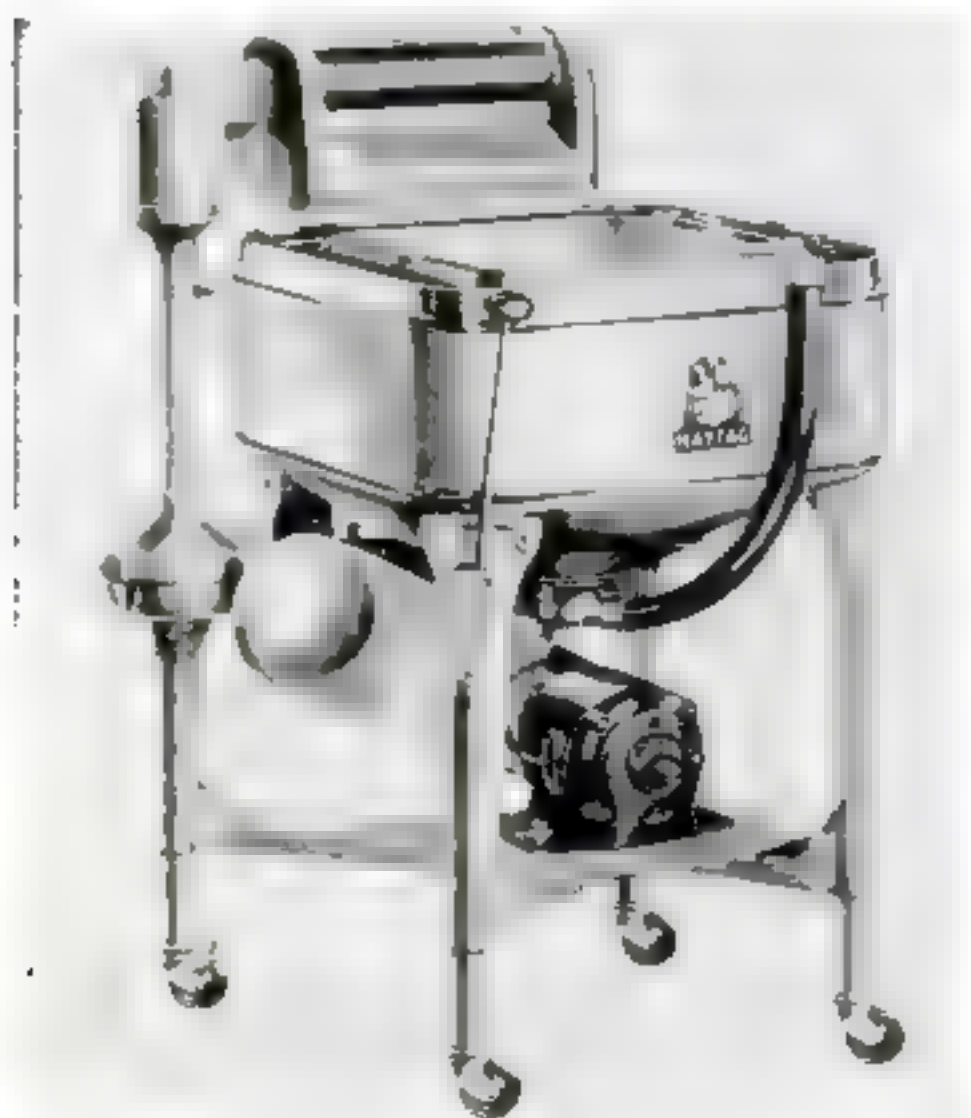
Sales rocketed and at 45 Mr. Maytag found himself on the way to great fortune. In 22 months Maytag soared from eighth to first place in the washing-machine field, a position held for 10 years. It has shown a profit every year since 1922. Last year its sales totaled \$16,984,000, its net income \$2,392,700.



Fred L. Maytag believed in "working with the boys." With his grandson, Fred II, he starts a Maytag freight train.



Largest single shipment of merchandise ever made by any manufacturer up to that time rolled across the continent



The Maytag washing machine works on the "gyrafoam" principle, washes clothes by sucking sudsy water through them.

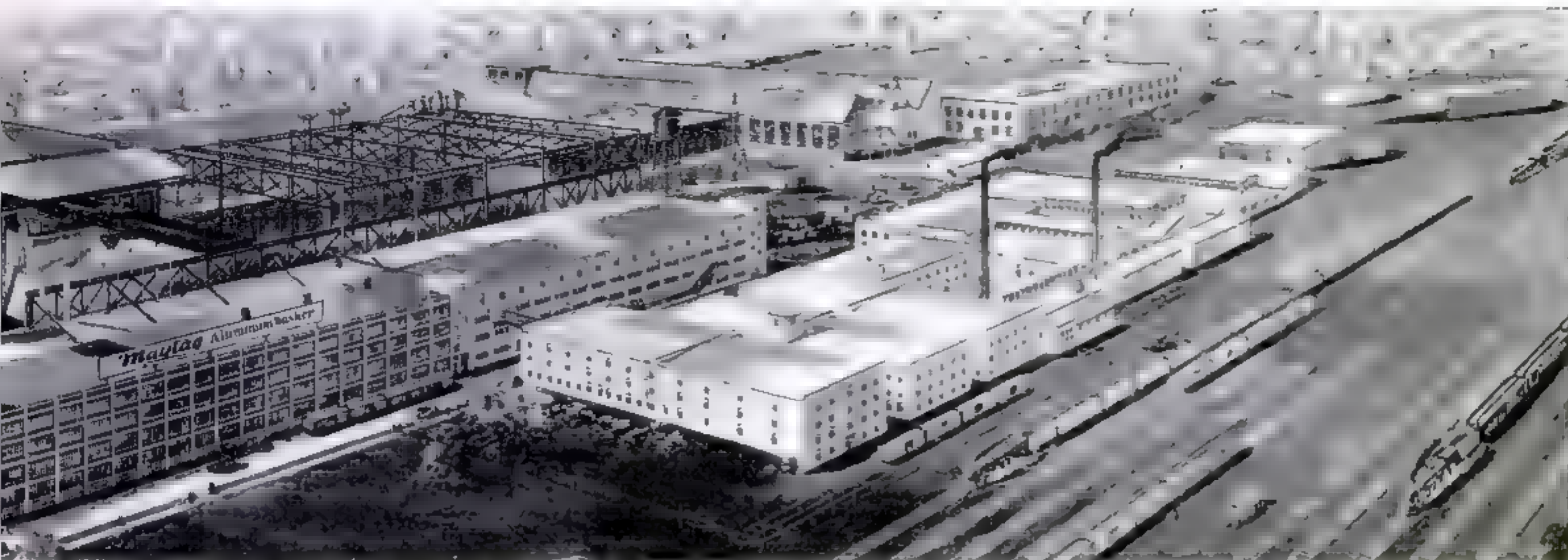


Assembly-line workers fit the two control levers and five moving mechanical parts to the square cast-aluminum tube.



The Maytag foundry, called the most modern in the country, is so highly organized that the 530 workers employed

IAS MADE AMERICA GREAT



show the handsome new office building, completed two years ago in the open space in center foreground. From

this factory last year went 600,000 shiny Maytag Washers, guaranteeing to "outlast and outperform all others." Here

before the strike started 1,400 workers were employed. Their average payroll totaled over \$200,000 a month.



in May 1927, when Maytag finished up for its eastern branch manager for eight trainloads of Maytag wash-

ing machines. Maytag washers sell for \$69.50 to \$129.50, are dispensed largely by house-to-house canvassers who

demonstrate their virtues to housewives. Many a farm wife is so proud of her Maytag that she keeps it in the parlor.



on this molting floor never have to move from their posts. Here 250,000 pounds of gray iron are melted and cast each

day into wringer frames, levers, legs and gear housings. About 50,000 castings are made each day. Nearby is the

aluminum foundry where 110,000 pounds of aluminum are melted down daily and cast into the tubs of Maytag washers.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

(continued)

BITTER WAGE DISPUTE TURNS A TRANQUIL IOWA TOWN INTO A MILITARY ENCAMPMENT

A proud advertising claim of the Maytag Company has been that its employees are "the best-paid and best-cared for factory workers in the Middle West." No Iowan doubts that the late Fred L. Maytag was a just and considerate employer who earned the good will of the thousands he pleased to call "The Maytag Family." To Newton he gave many fine buildings for recreation, for the sick, for the poor. To his workers he gave insurance, policies, big bonuses, fair salaries. His beneficences, active and posthumous, totaled more than \$3,000,000.

It was a surprise, therefore, to his son and successor, Elmer Henry Maytag, when The Maytag Family, now godfathered by C. I. O.'s United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers of America, declined last May to accept a 10% economy cut. He pointed out that net earnings for the first quarter of 1938 were only \$88,323 as against \$616,205 in the first quarter of 1937, that dividends were first due the company's 7,000 stockholders, that freight charges were lofty and Maytag wages above those of other Iowa firms. To this the union replied: "The Maytag Company can well afford to maintain wages. It has never gone into the red."

On May 9, the deadlock became a strike. On June 23, 400 "back-to-workers" entered the plant and the strike became a sit-down. At this Governor Nelson G. Kerschel called all factions into conference, promised the sit-downers that if they would emerge, the plant would remain closed until the controversy ended. The sit-downers marched out, but a week later the wage issue was still stalemated and the Governor invoked a three-man arbitration board. Maytag declined to accept outside arbitration. On July 18, 450 workers, weary of the strike, marched back into the plant and began turning out washing machines.

Newton, racked with dissension, saw its streets darkened daily with ominous angry crowds. On July 19 Governor Kerschel suddenly mobilized the National Guard, sent it to Newton, ordered Maytag to close its plant. Early the following morning pickets and nonstrikers clashed briefly in the street. On July 20 the plant was still closed and Newton, tense and divided, was still under martial law.



A SOLDIER AND A STRIKER AMICABLY DISCUSS THE MAYTAG SITUATION, UNDER MARTIAL LAW



A PICKET BELABORS A NONSTRIKER IN RISING JULY 20



NEWTON'S HANDSOME Y.M.C.A. COST MR. MAYTAG \$250,000



NATIONAL GUARD OFFICERS



THIS POOL IS PART OF THE \$500,000 FRED MAYTAG PARK



JAMES E. CAREY, 27, HEADS THE C.I.O. UNION IN STRIKE



THE NEWTON BAND PLAYS ON



LAW NO GATHERINGS ARE ALLOWED AND THREE PERSONS MAKE A CROWD



Friends of Fred L. Maytag (left) were the late Thomas A. Edison and the late Harvey Prestone. This photograph was taken at the Florida home of Elmer H. Maytag (right).



DISCUSS MAYTAG STRIKE STRATEGY



SUMMER NIGHTS IN MAYTAG BOWL



THE SKIFF HOSPITAL WAS SPONSORED BY MR. MAYTAG



IOWA'S GOV. KRASCHEL DECLINES TO LET MAYTAG PLANT REOPEN



THE NATIONAL GUARD HAS HAD AN EASY TIME IN NEWTON



THIS SPANISH-TYPE HOUSE WAS MR. MAYTAG'S NEWTON HOME

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

"Gutter politics" and third-term talk make headlines while a death leap makes pictures

"Gutter politics" was the name used by Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts last week for what was happening in Tennessee. The Democratic primary campaign in that State was only the most ruthless of several primaries so ruthless that the Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures had special agents in the field keeping tabs on them. In Tennessee the Democratic Party is split into two factions, one headed by Senator McKellar and Boss Crump of Memphis, the other by Governor Browning and Senator Berry. Out of Tennessee came wonderful tales of the methods in use. One story told of a McKellar leader who called a meet-



CHANDLER

ing of WPA workers and stamped each man on the hand so that absentees could be detected next morning. But there were no photographs to prove it. While McKellar and Crump lined up the Federal job-holders, Governor Browning did the same with State officials. Great sums of money were being collected and spent but, since there is a \$10,000 limit per candidate, all candidates were careful to let their friends do it for them. On July 30 Governor Browning ordered 1,200 National Guardsmen to Memphis to police the election on August 4. No matter who won, the fight seemed sure to end up on the Senate floor, with a fair chance that the winner would be disqualified for excessive expenditures. . . . Across the border in Kentucky somewhat the same situation existed, with trimmings. Governor "Happy" Chandler, running for the Senate against Majority Leader Barkley, took to his bed and cried that he had been poisoned. Police Chief Malley of Louisville called it "a political bedtime story." While "Happy" grinned into a battery of cameras and broadcast from his bed, Mrs. Chandler took the stump. . . . The popular cry of excessive political spending was next raised by Senator McAdoo's rivals in California. According to James W. Mellen, the Senator is levying on all Federal job-holders a "shake-down" amounting to 5% of their salaries. Howled Mr. Mellen: "It would make the corrupt and excessive slush funds of the past look like penny-ante poker." . . . But



O'DANIEL

from Texas came reassuring news that there are stronger things in politics than money. W. Lee O'Daniel, maker of Hillbilly Flour, running for Governor in the Democratic primary (LIFE, July 25), amassed more votes than all eleven of his opponents put together. O'Daniel had neither money nor patronage but he put on the greatest show Texas ever saw. There are stronger things, too, than Franklin Roosevelt's blessing. Representative Maury Maverick, a Presidential pet, was snowed under by his conservative opponent.

Third Term. President Roosevelt last week baited his hook for the wild wahoo, fightingest fish of the waters around the Galapagos Islands. Back in the U. S., the President's more usual antagonists were engaged in a campaign to smoke him out on the question of a third term. In this they were helped by the President's friends. At Greenville, Ga., Country Editor Henry R. Revill declared "it may be necessary" for the President to seek a third term and that "if he runs he will be elected." "Judge" Revill claims the title of the "Original Roosevelt Man" because back in the 1920's he endorsed him in his *Weekly Meriweather-Vindicator*. In Kentucky Senator Barkley tried to lure a few votes for himself by boasting, "I keynoted the President into the White House in 1932 and 1936 and I might possibly do it again in 1940." Later he said he was only "trying to get laughs." In Michigan Governor Frank Murphy climbed onto the third-term bandwagon beside John L. Lewis, Governor Earle of Pennsylvania and others. . . . On the opposition side, Senator Vandenberg sounded off and Rush Holt, the Senate's bad boy, recalled the resolution against a third term which the Senate passed in 1928 after President Coolidge had chosen not to run again. The resolution was introduced by Senator La Follette and among those who voted for it were many of the New Deal's Senatorial chiefs, including Barkley. If La Follette does not introduce another such resolution, Holt threatened, he will.



REVILL

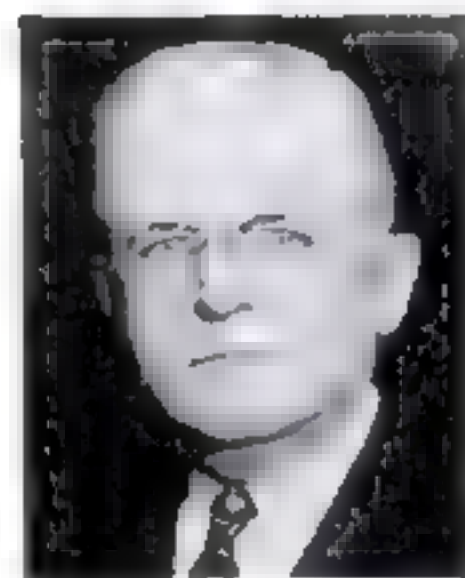
Relaxed. "The tension in Europe which six months ago was oppressive," Britain's Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain last week told the closing House of Commons, "has now relaxed."



RUNCIMAN

Looking tired and old, he seemed to have decided what foreign affairs experts have long believed — that Adolf Hitler does not intend to fight about Czechoslovakia this year. Mr. Chamberlain named as "impartial investigator and mediator" of the German minority problem in Czechoslovakia no less eminent a British statesman than Viscount Walter Runciman, longtime President of the British Board of Trade. The Czechs like the idea of British interference in their affairs little better than German interference. But the French persuaded them to accept it on the grounds that, once England has delivered one of its judgments, it will have to back it up, perhaps with guns. Viscount Runciman told his boss: "I quite understand. You are setting me adrift in a small boat in mid-ocean."

Rich Man's Lawyer. The American Bar Association held its annual meeting in Cleveland last week and elected as president a silver-haired, silver-tongued little man named Frank J. Hogan. Some of the lawyers with liberal views did not think much of their new president. But if a lawyer is judged by cases won, the election was richly deserved. Frank J. Hogan is the man who exhorted and cajoled a jury into acquitting Oilman Edward L. Doheny in the naval oil-reserve trials. In 1935 Hogan defended Andrew W. Mellon on charges of tax evasion and again profited from his belief that "the best client is a rich man who is scared."



HOGAN

"Damned Poor Shots." In Ponce, on the south coast of Puerto Rico, U. S. Governor Blanton Winship gave a demonstration on how a territorial administrator ought to act when shot at. Governor Winship was reviewing a parade on July 25 when bullets began whizzing past his head. Others ducked but not the Governor. "What damned poor shots they are!" said he and proceeded to read them a speech on the way Puerto Ricans ought to act if they want to keep on getting hand-outs from Washington.



WINSHIP

Net result of the shooting affray was the death of a native officer and one of the bad marksmen, the arrest of 13 other agitators belonging to the anti-American Nationalist Party.

New York Suicide. Some three hundred people killed themselves throughout the U. S. last week without making any worthwhile new pictures. But in New York on July 26 there occurred a suicide which for mass camera coverage of spontaneous one-man drama surpassed anything ever recorded by the Press. It was a newsphotographer's dream come true when a crazed young man named John Warde stepped out on a narrow ledge on the 17th floor of the Hotel Gotham and spent the next eleven hours there trying to "think things out." While below him Fifth Avenue blackened with crowds, giant telephoto cameras, newsreels, and even television apparatus were focused steadily on his slim figure all day. Policemen strung telephones, firemen stretched nets, searchlights played and all sorts of experts tried without success to entice John Warde back into the hotel. Finally, inspired by the foolish idea that to retreat now would "embarrass" him with his large audience, this melancholy youth provided the unexpected climax by plunging feet first off his ledge. The exclusive picture on the opposite page shows his fall. For pictures of what happened before and after, turn the page.





WITHIN THE CIRCLE
TEETERS JOHN
WARDE, ON THE 17TH
FLOOR OF NEW
YORK'S HOTEL GOTH-
AM. AFTER ELEVEN
HOURS OF INSANE
INDECISION, HE
JUMPED TO STREET.



John's beloved sister, Mrs. Katherine Hull, with a
rope tied round her waist, pleads hysterically for her

crazed brother to come inside. Twice during the long
vigil she fainted when goggle-eyed crowds thickened.



Police and firemen rigged up this ponderous cargo
net in an endeavor to turn it into a giant butterfly
net, then slap it up against the Hotel Gotham and

entrap John Warde standing on the ledge. As ropes
began to move, he jumped a few seconds after this
picture was taken. This snafu cost the city \$100,000.



FOR ELEVEN LONG HOURS NEW YORK'S 5TH AVENUE AND 55TH STREET WAS FILLED WITH

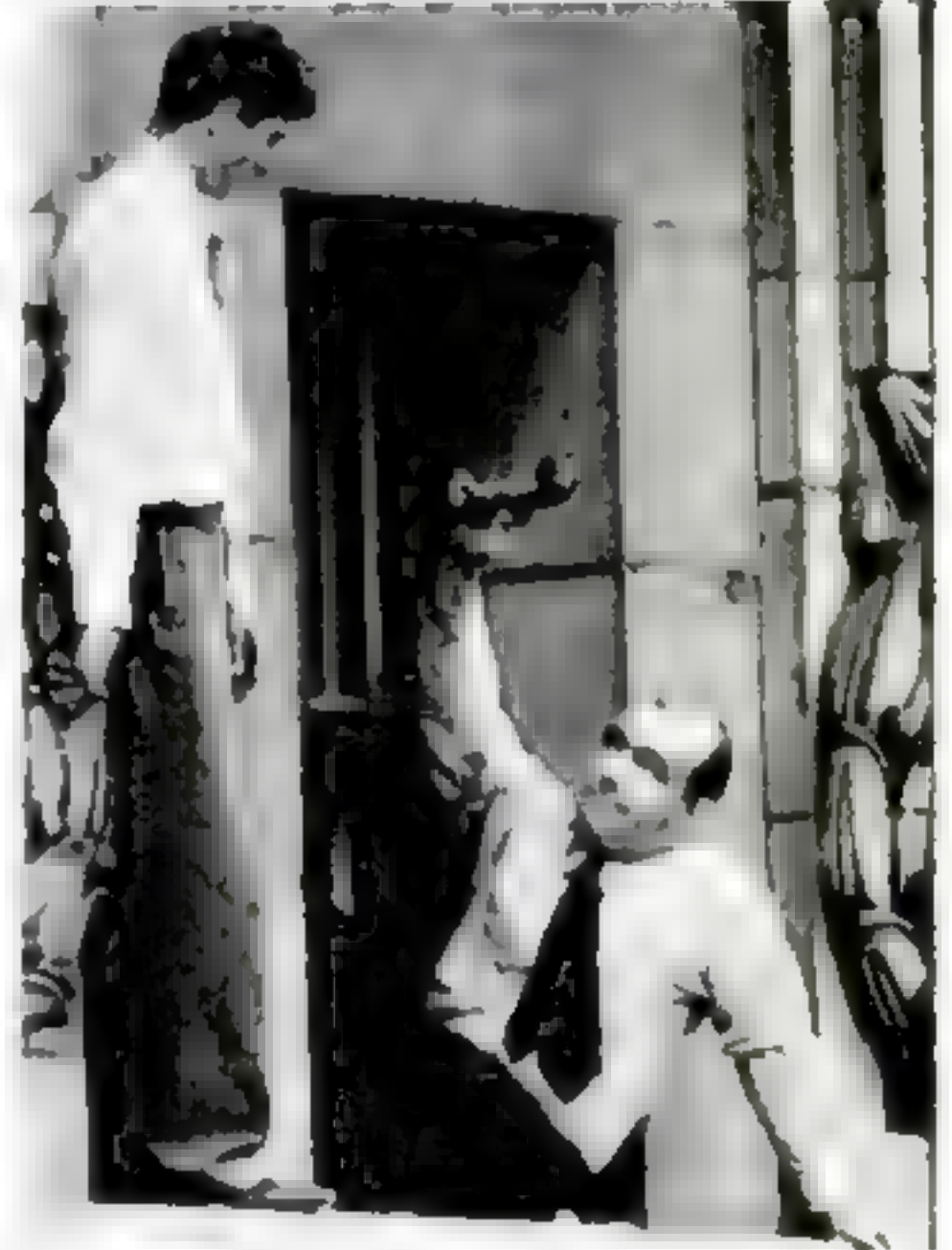
New York crowds gape up as young lunatic leisurely ponders his dive to death



Patrolman Glasco, of the New York police force, noted for his amiability, spent hours trying to entice John Warde off his perch. Here, he hands him hot coffee, liberally doped.



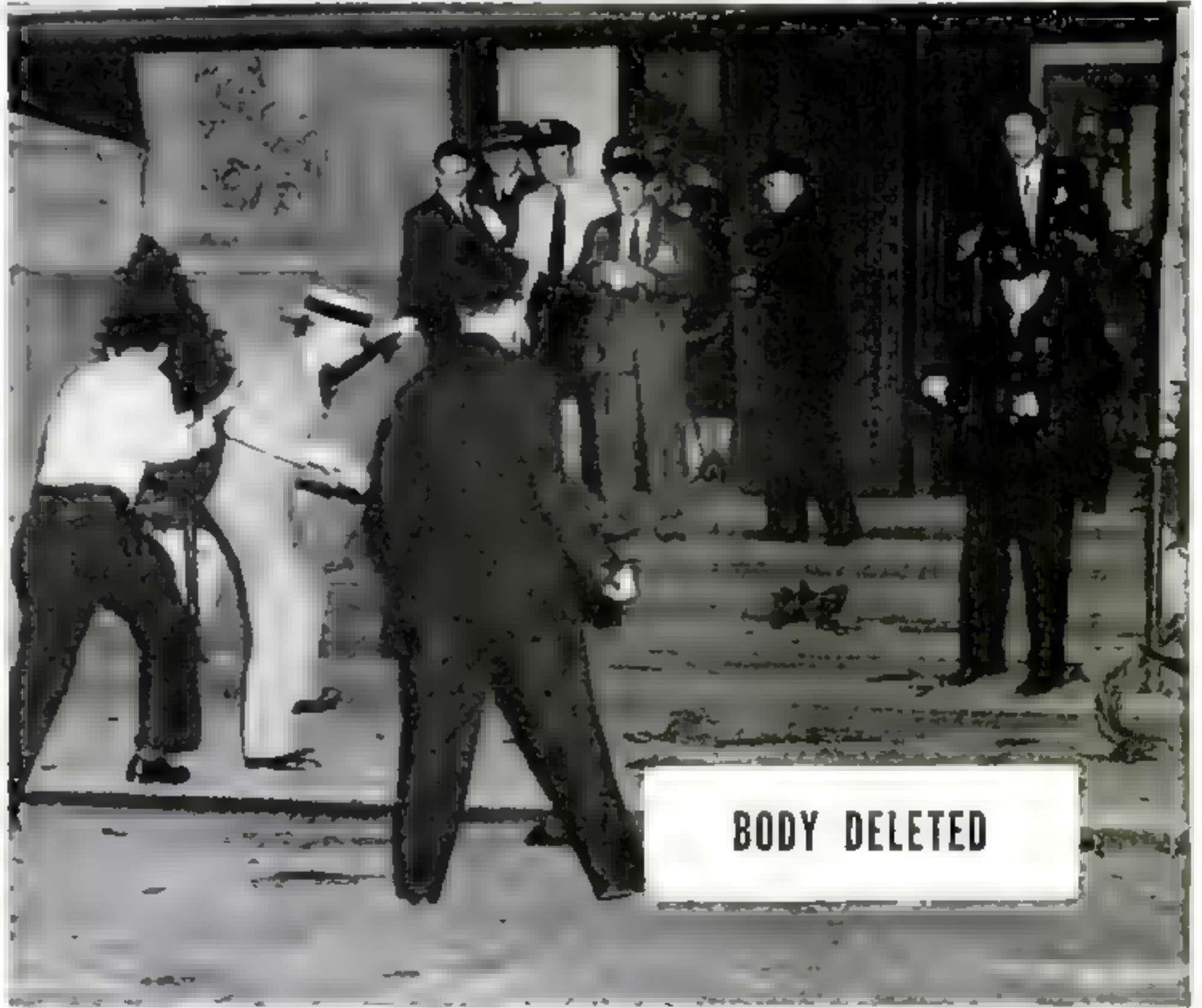
Cigaretts were an enticement for the boy. Other useless bribes included tickets for a ball game, a good lunch and a blonde who had once coaxed a broker off a window ledge.



His mother's voice over this telephone was no more successful. Patrolman Glasco dared not make a sudden dive for the boy as the latter's weight would have pulled him off.



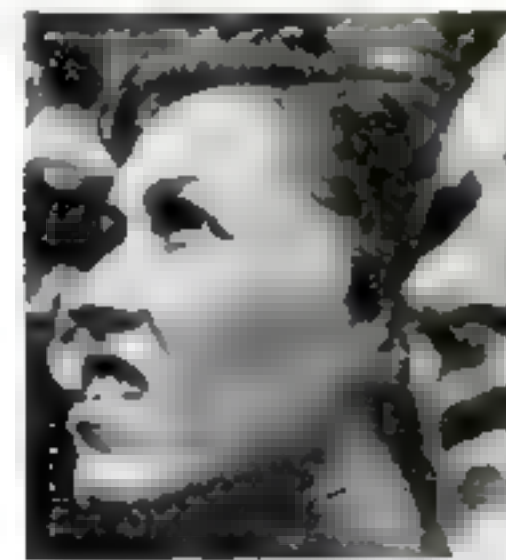
Bouncing off the marquee of the Gotham, John Warde's broken body hurtles to the ground as the crowd shrieks in horrified unison. Note policemen scurrying for safety up the hotel steps.



BODY DELETED

The end of the story came a split second later as Warde crashed into the gutter. Flash bulbs blinked, cameras ground, and the voices of radio announcers shouted the

news. Within a minute his body was lifted into a waiting ambulance and hustled away. Said his mother: "He was in love with a woman he could never hope to marry."



THESE FACES AND THOUSANDS MORE, LOOKING UP AT JOHN WARDE. AFTER HIS SUICIDE THE POLICE SHOUTED: "NOW YOU CAN GO ON HOME, THE SHOW IS OVER"

CZECHOSLOVAK YOUTH PUTS ON A GIGANTIC GYMNASTIC DRILL, 16,000

The Czechs can reasonably boast that they were the modern inventors of mass calisthenics, lately appropriated by the Fascist nations. They boast also in Prague's Masaryk Stadium an arena that dwarfs even Germany's gigantic stadiums in Berlin and Nuremberg, Italy's stadium in the Forum Mussolini, of Rome. Here was held from July 1 to 6 the Tenth Sokol Congress of Gymnasts. And at right is a gathering of 16,000 young Czech women all exercising at once before 160,000 spectators.

The Sokols, meaning falcons, were founded in 1862 by two German Czechs, Dr. Miroslav Tyrš and Janus Fügner, while the Austro-Hungarian Empire was still upset by the Hungarian revolution. They were the earnest army of the Czech minority for 30 years and had much to do with the political maturing of the Czechs. The Czechs are Slavs and the Tenth Sokol Congress drew Sokol delegations from related Slav nations— from Yugoslavia (Poland), Latvia, Estonia, Bulgaria. An American Sokol was also on hand.

The Tenth Sokol Congress was less a democratic rally, however, than a festival of solidarity for the Slav peoples as distinct from their governments. The Sokols wear red shirts, borrowed not from the Soviets but from the 19th Century Italian patriot, Garibaldi. They now total in Czechoslovakia 400,000 men and 160,000 women. If you, with a high regard for the culture of other *bratři*—brother and *sestra*—sister. Victor is "*Proseme*"—"Let us harden ourselves"—and "*Preskoč, přeskoč, přeskoč na nepřátel*"—"Jump over, surmount, break but don't creep").



ENGLISH YOUTH DRESSES UP FOR A ROYAL DUCHESS



Full evening dress is compulsory for Arden Lyon at St. James's Palace party July 13 for Duchess of Gloucester and family.

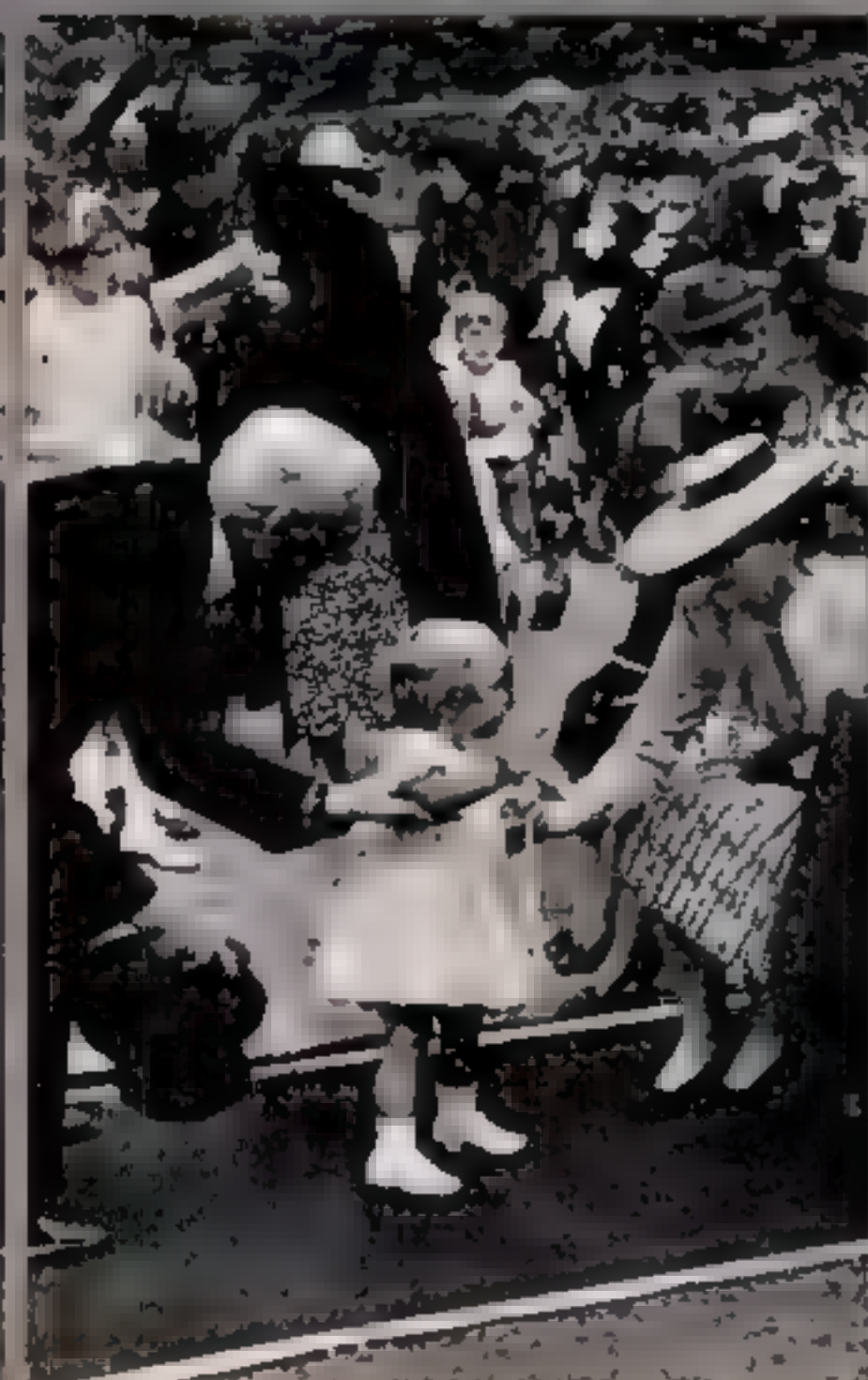
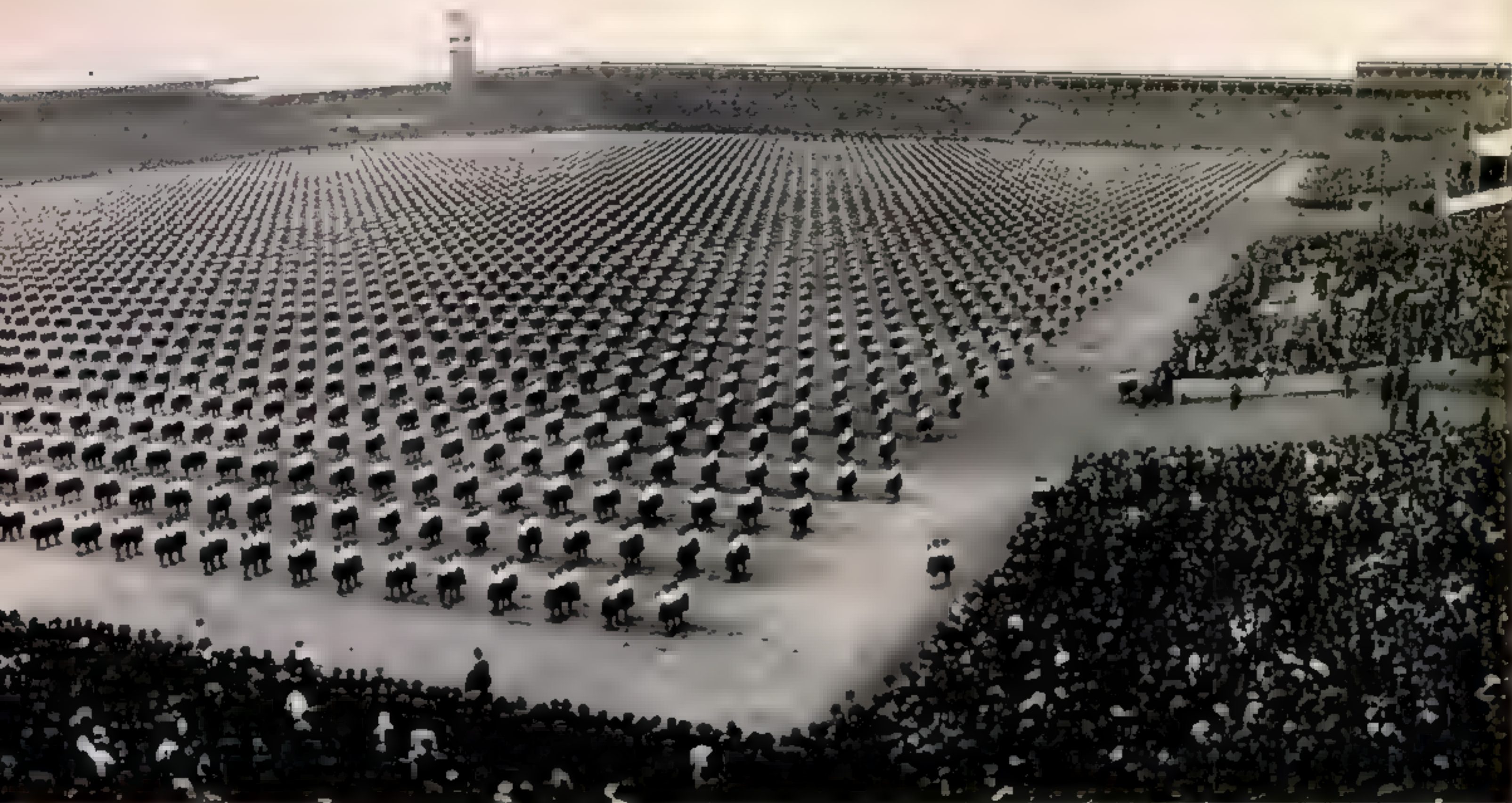


Arden's odd charm attracts little Miss Gillian Peake, all figged out too for a dancing performance on the green by Mme. Vacant's pupils.



"A Night Club Cabaret" was the idea of this infantile coquetry in which full dress, at the St. James's Palace garden party for the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare. Notice sophisticated Miss Peake in action.

STRONG, IN PRAGUE'S MAMMOTH MASARYK STADIUM, EUROPE'S BIGGEST



A purse is presented to the Duchess of Gloucester. The Duchess, exhausted by hard work for charity and the like, goes to Kenya this month for rest.

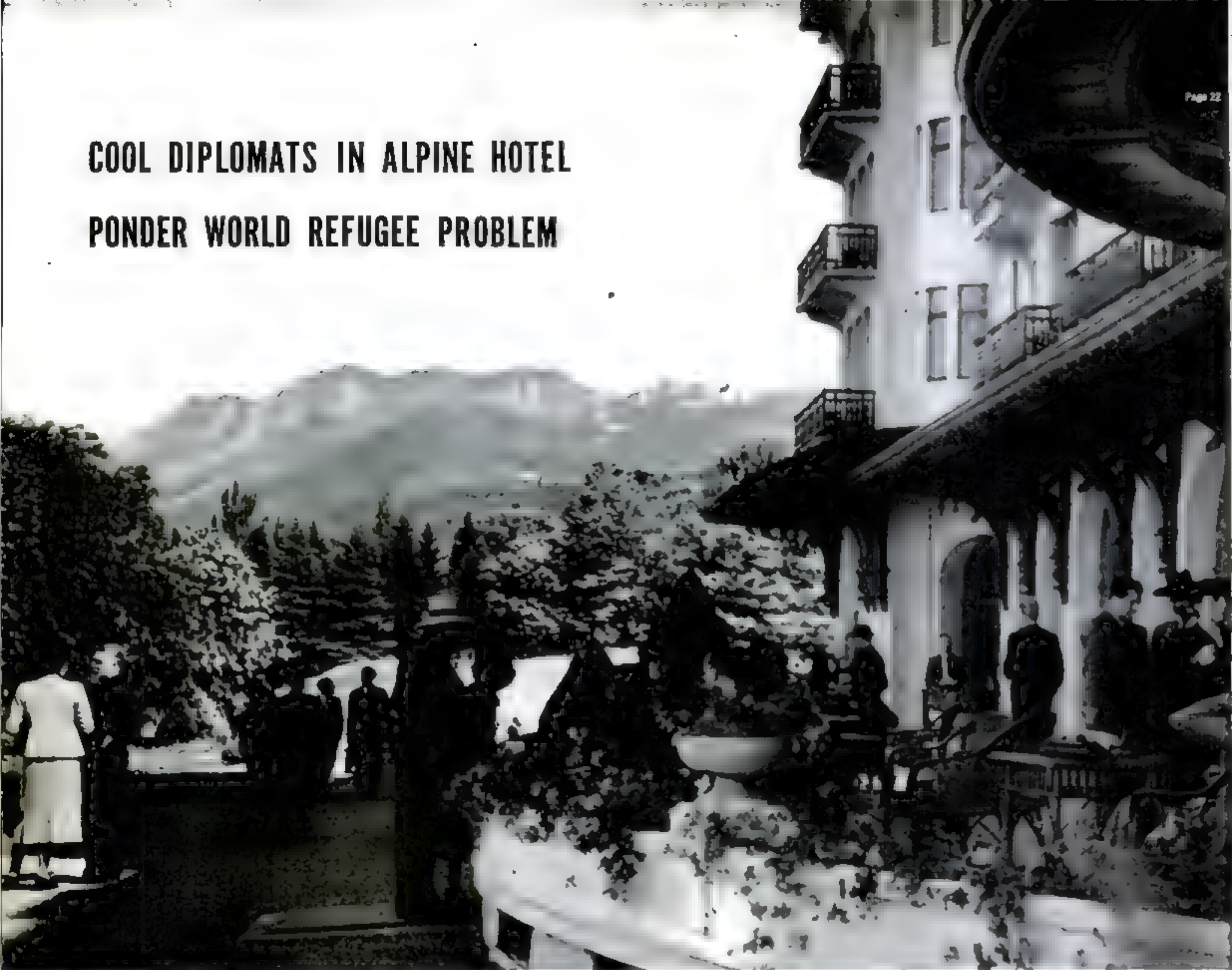


A bow in the wrong direction is the sad performance of the carefully rehearsed child! The popular Duchess tries to recover the child's attention.



A model performance is turned in by this youth after he has presented his purse to the king's sister-in-law, the Duchess of Gloucester. She is unimpressed. She now does work Yorks did before the abdication.

COOL DIPLOMATS IN ALPINE HOTEL PONDER WORLD REFUGEE PROBLEM



DELEGATES TO THE WORLD REFUGEE CONFERENCE IN SHADOW OF ALPS STROLL ON TERRACES OF EVIAN'S HOTEL ROYAL, HIGH ABOVE LAKE GENEVA

The World Refugee Conference from July 6 to 13 at Evian in France got as far as setting up a bureau in London to do something about refugees from Greater Germany. This week the delegates meet again in London to decide what the bureau can do.

Diplomatic gatherings are notable for their inhuman superiority to reality and the Evian conference was no exception. The hypocritical maundering of the British delegate widened the eyes even of the other delegates (*see below*). Aside from a few German Catholics,

the refugees in question were about 400,000 German Jews, 600,000 Austrian Jews. Sole flight of eloquence came from Colombia's Jesu Maria Yepes: "The way things are going in Europe today, tomorrow we shall be facing not only Jewish refugees but also Catholics and Protestants, Fascists or anti-Fascists, liberals or conservatives, Communists or anti-Communists, Spanish Republicans or Nationalists and who knows whom else. The bad example of the Old World can spread to other continents and make the planet uninhabitable."



British delegate to save German Jews was the sixth (Irish) Earl of Winterton, a friend to the Palestine Arabs, tall, thin M. P. now working on British air-raid precautions. He suggested that British East Africa might take in "a limited number of selected families."



U. S. and French delegates, watching Lord Winterton with quizzical attention, are (from left) Robert T. Pell; New Hampshire's John Winant, new director of League of Nations International Labor Office; France's Senator Henry Bérenger and Jean Paul Boncour.

DESPERATE AUSTRIAN REFUGEES POUR INTO CZECHOSLOVAKIA WITHOUT INVITATIONS



Refugee Jew applies for money and clothes at the Czechoslovak refugee camp in Brno. He will probably be shipped back to what used to be Austria, turned out again. Czechoslovakia must take 35,000 Czechoslovak Jews from Austria, wants no penniless Austrian Jews.



Refugee children at temporary camp at Brno are urged to be temporarily happy. Since Germany will not take them back, Czechoslovakia, stuck with their board, is waiting for the Refugee Conference to find a place to send them. They are here illegally and unofficially.



Peeling potatoes for their supper, Austrian refugees await next move by democratic Czechoslovakia's anti-Semitic, conservative Interior Minister Josef Czerny who has pigeon-holed some 50,000 applications by Austrian Jews for official permission to enter Czechoslovakia.



Meal for the Jewish homeless is set at Czechoslovakia's Brno temporary camp. The Refugee Conference's Colombian delegate called their story "The tragedy of men hunted from pillar to post because they no longer have a country, a tragedy that Dante himself could not imagine."

ON THE MATTRESSES OF CHARITY YOUNG MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY LIE DOWN IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S TEMPORARY REFUGEE CAMP



RUMANIA'S DOWAGER QUEEN MARIE IS BURIED IN CARDINAL VIOLET



The worst-behaved royal family in Europe lost its mother July 18 when Rumania's Dowager Queen Marie died of "cirrhosis of the liver" at Sinaia. She was allegedly injured in a family free-for-all a year ago. To her funeral came children from all the Balkans whose thrones she, English-bred granddaughter of Queen Victoria, had populated—Rumania's King Carol, Yugoslavia's Dowager Queen Marie, Greece's ex-Queen Elizabeth. Above, her Cardinal-violet coffin is carried by six officers of her own Fourth Hussars. Below, she lies in state at Sinaia, surrounded by purple carnations, gladioli and sweet peas, with an orchid on her stomach.



PHILIPPINE PRESIDENT QUEZON WIELDS CHOPSTICKS IN JAPAN



On July 17 President Manuel L. Quezon of the Philippines returned to Manila after a three-week vacation trip to Japan, was met by his wife Aurora and his eldest daughter Aurora. While away he dined privately with Premier Konoye and Foreign Minister Ugaki, and publicly with the Japan-Philippines Society (*below*) where he showed his prowess with chopsticks and drank warm saki, served by the geisha behind him. Object of the trip, officially "for pleasure," was to obtain a Japanese pledge to respect Philippine independence. The best President Quezon could get was a statement from Minister Ugaki that the Philippines "need have no fear" of Japan.



How to make a Mid-summer's Dream



1. Place a generous quantity of fresh tender mint in a bowl & cover the mint with powdered sugar. Add just enough water to moisten the sugar, then crush the mint gently. (Many caterpillars and other beetles should not be crushed. If you belong to this school, just omit the last step.)



2. Put a goodly portion of the mint in the bottom of tall glasses (or sterling silver or pewter chalice cups if you are too rich to buy enough to possess them). Fill the glasses half full with crushed ice. Add some more of the mint, then hit the glasses to the top with crushed ice.



3. Now pour in Four Roses Whiskey, the special favorite of poets in distress. Let it mellow a little, then pour it with a lavish hand till the glasses are brimming. For this is a lavish drink. To finish with a few sprigs of mint, topped if you desire, with powdered sugar.



4. Let the glasses stand until the frost forms thick. Then relax and sip the cool and fragrant triumph of your handiwork.

Sip slowly and dream for the drink is a dream itself. Dream of staves, frost, of verdant mint, of amber gold Four Roses.

And now we add that while you may produce a julep by many another recipe than the one we offer here, it takes just such a whiskey as Four Roses to add the crowning touch of glory.

For whiskey is the soul of a julep. And any whiskey short of the best is not worthy of the purpose.

But Four Roses was made to fulfill just such a noble destiny. It is a whiskey which is an importation of the finest straight whiskeys which are put together in the most magnificent manner every year. The result of this is a whiskey which demands the respect of all discerning drinkers. It is the product of the finest distilleries, incorporated Louisiana and Baltimore.

FOUR ROSES

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES 100 STRAIGHT WHISKIES 40 PROOF



Red Leader. China's Lenin is Mao Tse-tang, 45, shrewd, well-read, indomitable son of a harsh, ambitious peasant whom he hated. His only vices are cigarets and a love of pepper.



Red Soldier. The startling blue of the Chinese Communist's padded cotton uniform bounces against the brown hills of China's northwest. Notice two fountain pens in breast pocket.



Red detachments drill ceaselessly in the Shenst Province valleys around the Red Capital of Yanan. Marvelously

fertile, these loess hills are continually being carved into queer shapes by the winds that for aeons have been blowing

dirt down from the Mongolian steppes. Communist peasants live comfortably in *yao fung* caves dug in their sides.



RED GENERAL CHU TEH (RIGHT) AND HIS WIFE KANG KEN-CHIN

CHINA'S BLUE-CLAD REDS HARRY JAPAN

From faraway Yen-an they rule North China

Deep in northwest China, 200 miles beyond the farthest Japanese spearhead, on the brown sierras of Shensi Province, lies Yen-an, headquarters of the Chinese Communist armies. This is the chief capital for delegates elected by 50,000,000 Chinese, largely "conquered" by Japan. Just beyond range of Japanese rifles, the Chinese Reds have organized an area equal to all the U. S. east of the Mississippi. Their 500,000 soldiers retreat when the Japanese attack, worry the Japanese when they halt, attack when they retreat. Result is that Chinese Red casualties are one to every five Japanese.

In the Japanese Army's rear, China's Reds plow up roads and plant crops over them, raid small garrisons, murder sentries and blow up railway tracks, always at a minimum cost in lives. Their rifles bark within sound of Peiping and Tientsin. More than a year ago they abandoned Communism to join Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in fighting Japan. Now they take orders from Chiang and wear Chiang's blue Kuomintang uniforms.

Their "Lenin" is Mao Tse-tung (*see opposite page*) whose first wife and child were killed by Chiang's men when that Nationalist leader was trying to rid China of Communism. Now Mao Tse-tung fights for Chiang against the Japanese invaders. The Red commander in chief is Chu Teh ("Red Virtue") who wears the blue uniform in the picture above, though his wife is in the old Communist uniform with star on cap. Red generals (called "leaders") get \$1.50 a month. Soldiers (called "fighters") get 30¢. Chu Teh gets \$2 as a special compliment. The Reds buy needed medical supplies with what is left over from the \$250 Chiang regularly pays his generals, the \$3 he pays his privates.



Betsy Ross of the Reds is American Schoolteacher Agnes Smedley (*center*). Her latest book is *China*

Fights Back. Beside her are pretty Interpreter Wu Kuang-wei and another white woman.



"Strengthen the Rear. Clean Out Traitors," says this Chinese Red poster of Chinese soldier swiping at yellow dog, while his comrades fight in left rear.



"Devils from the Eastern Ocean" (i.e. Japanese) are shown seizing a Chinese girl for rape while Communist and Kuomintang co-operation pinch Japanese.



Chiang and Stalin, long enemies, hang side by side in Red gallery. Below, a Spanish Loyalist poster between anti-typhoid and anti-opium warnings.



CHINA'S BLUE-CLAD REDS

(continued)



Teacher at Yen-an's Chinese People's Anti-Japanese Military and Political Academy (Red Academy for short) gives

lecture on Shenn hillsides. Students now total 2,500. Pot on the table is for tea. Drinking water here is not safe



The Red hospital is carved in the loess hills of Yen-an, run by an American, Dr. Mahouhine. All treatments are free. Such activities in

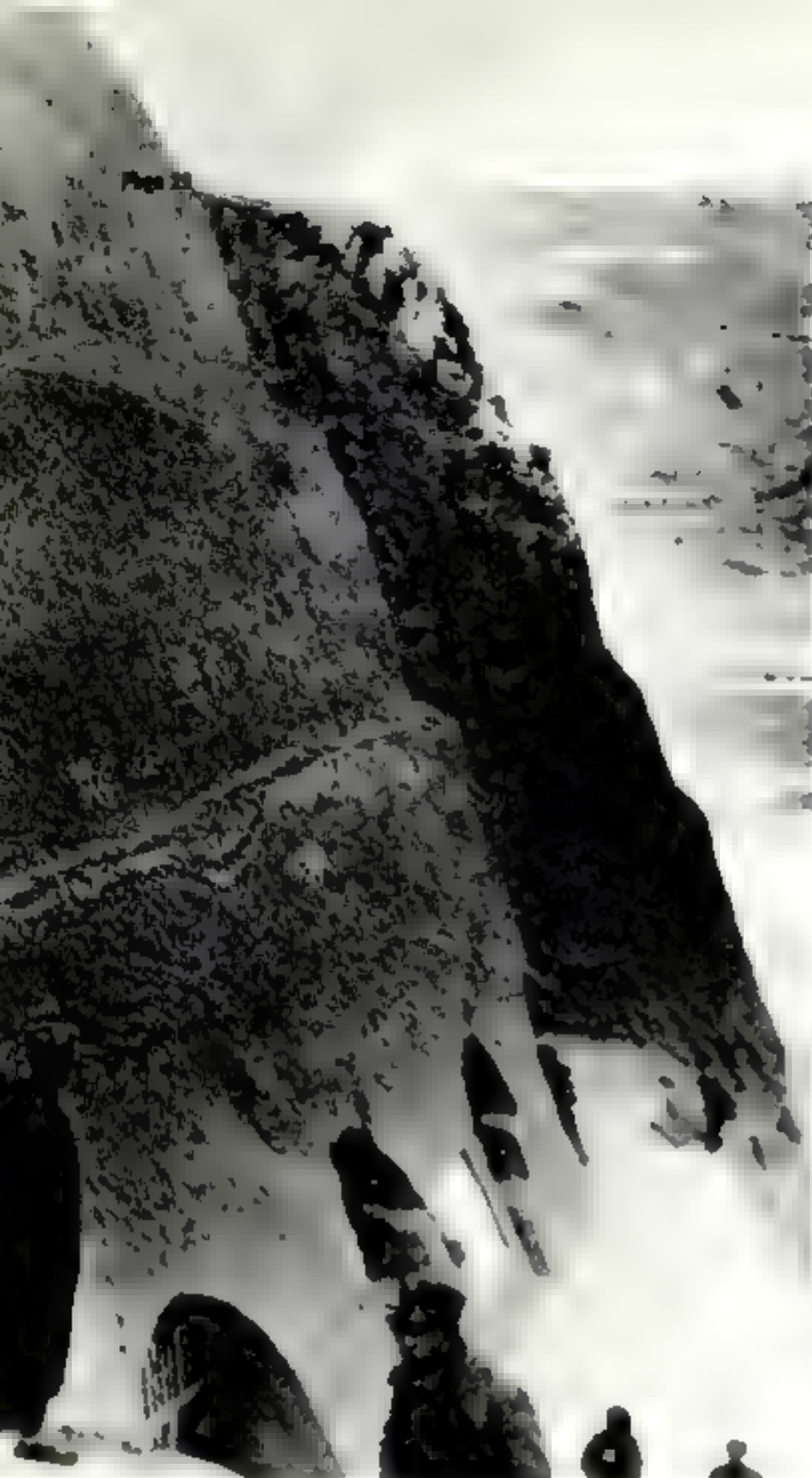
Printing and ping-pong modernize the Reds' Shangri-La



Printing press operates under ignored Buddha. Renegation of Buddhism is as tiresome to irreligious Reds as to Chiang Kai-shek who is a Methodist. Reds also fight family system.



Workers' Club at Yen-an has ping-pong table in yard, Chinese Communist and Kuomintang flags, the latter at right. This is inside city. Encampments are just outside Yen-an.



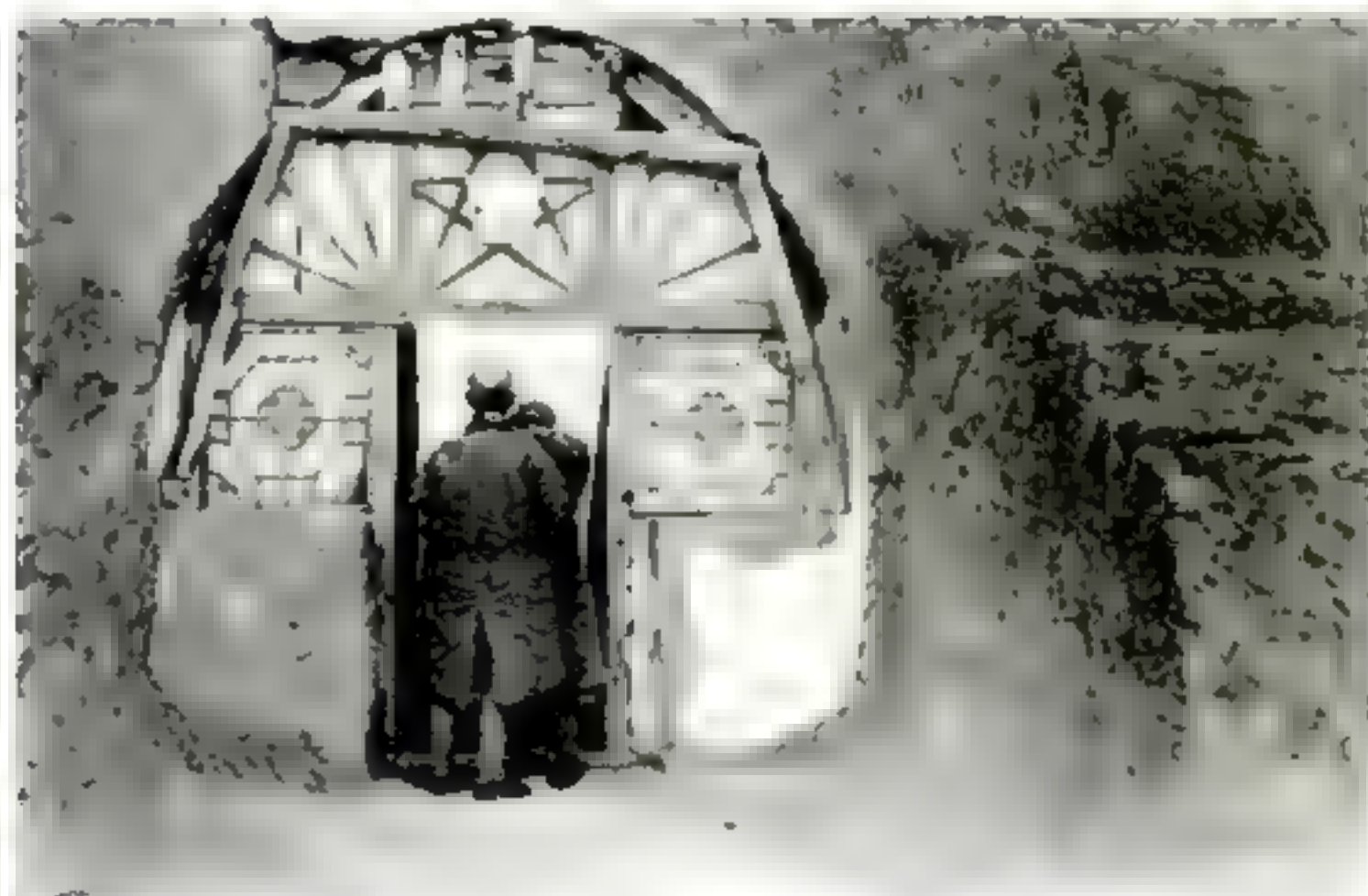
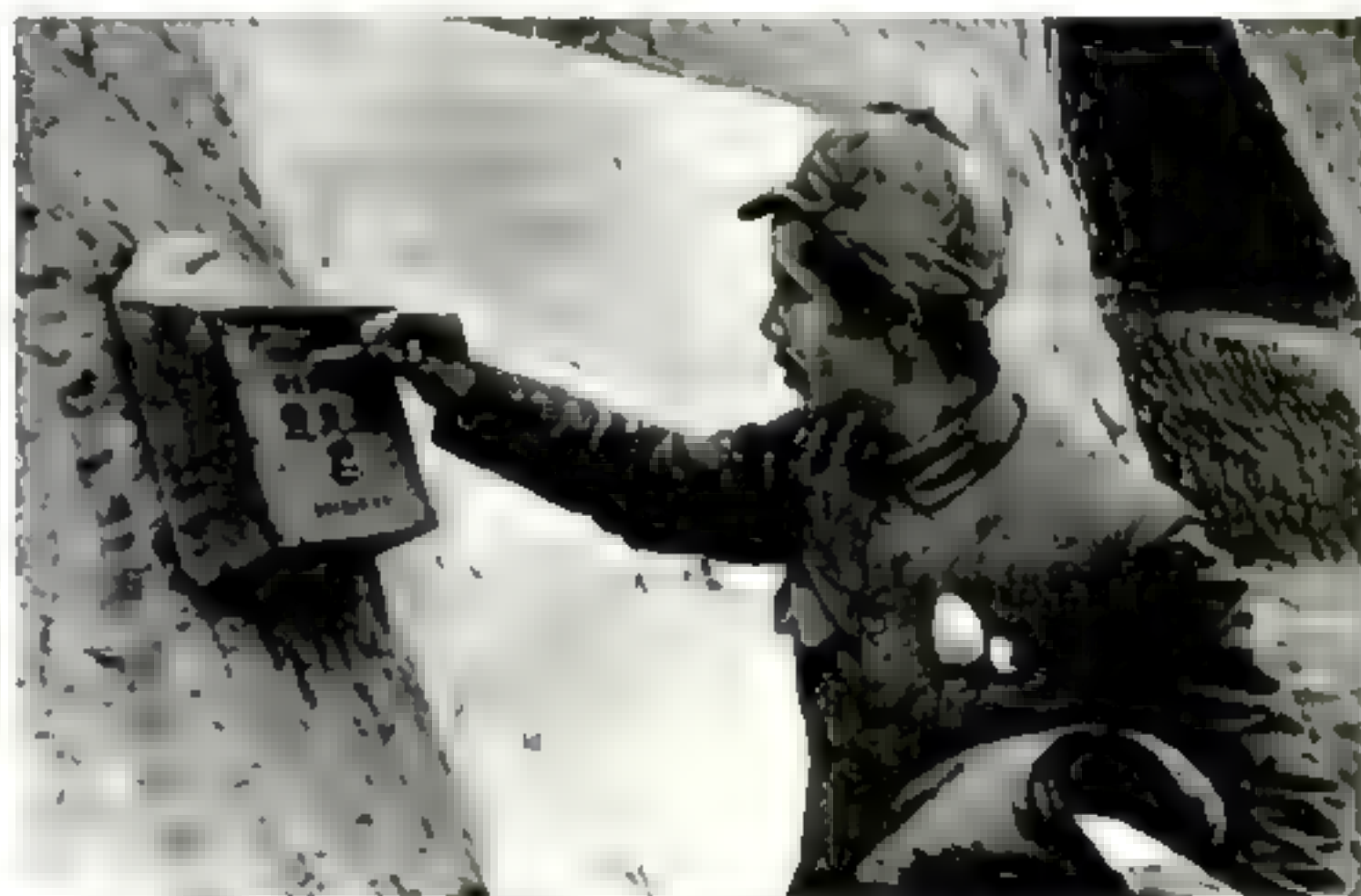
more or less crude form date from the Reds' 1934 flight from Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's armies. Now Chiang subsidizes them.



Red Academy students study in poor light between drills. When they have complaints, they drop them in the "Box for

Public Opinion," shown directly below. Their fountain pens, shoes, toothbrushes, etc., are usually made in Japan.

The Red Army of China learns its lessons in a cave city



Women serve as nurses (upper left), live in primitive discomfort six to eight in a cave (lower left). These are well-brought-up girls, not camp followers. One girl is picking on a moon

guitar (Yuzh ching) while others, using their beds to write on, work on a play. At lower right is the cave doorway (marked Office) of the President of the Red Academy, Lan Piao.



At 53, Sinclair Lewis turns to the stage and becomes an actor

Lanky "Red" Lewis has crowded into his 53 years twice the living most Americans do in a lifetime. He has been, at various times, a janitor, a soda jerker, a department-store clerk, a reporter, an editor, a traveler, a lecturer and, most notably, a writer of Nobel Prize novels. On July 25, he turned actor. The eyeshade and coat he wears above are his costume for Doremus Jessup, the anti fascist editor in

his dramatized novel *It Can't Happen Here*, produced by Cohasset, Mass., summer players. For his self-possessed if somewhat pale impersonation, his bird-like movements and patient teamwork with his company, a crowded house gave Actor Lewis seven curtain calls. Critics who called him "adequate" were told that he had no serious designs as an actor, was far more interested in a playwrighting career.

Switzerland now has a weather laboratory eleven thousand feet up the Jungfrau

When last summer Swiss engineers began blasting on a ridge 11,340 ft. up the Jungfrau, rumors went around that they were fortifying the famous mountain in the Alps. The edifice inaugurated on this high crest last winter turned out to be not a fortress but the world's highest scientific institution (*opposite page*), sponsored by various international organizations including the Rockefeller Foundation.

At high altitudes meteorologists find it easier to forecast weather and to study atmospheric phenomena which are less pronounced at lower heights. Hence they try to build stations on tops of mountains. In most cases this is physically impossible. The Jungfrau observatory, however, was built about 400 ft. above a summer resort lodged on the side of a cliff (*lower right*) and connected with the valley below by a creaking electric railway that climbs through five miles of rocky tunnels. Visitors who use it to come to ski on summer snow or to see the arctic curiosities of this resort can now take an elevator up to the basement of the observatory. In this five-story building they will find a complete meteorological laboratory, a botanical laboratory, a stable to house animals kept for experimental purposes and facilities for physicists and astronomers. And the scientists, when wearied by work, can go down to the resort, amuse themselves by skating on a rink carved inside a glacier or by having a couple of drinks at a bar made of ice.



ELECTRIC TRAIN, 25 YEARS OLD, TUNNELS THROUGH ROCK UP THE JUNGFRAU



SKATING RINK OF NATURAL ICE WAS CUT OUT OF A JUNGFRAU GLACIER



IN MIDSUMMER, SKIERS FIND GOOD SNOW AND STIFF SLOPES ON THE JUNGFRAU

LOWER LEFT: JUNGFRAU HOTEL. RIGHT: STATION. ABOVE: OBSERVATORY





U. S. WORKMEN REPLACE FOREIGN PEASANTS AS INSPIRATIONS FOR NEW FASHIONS

To industrialists and politicians in the U. S. the ordinary workingman has long been a figure of great importance. In the rarefied atmosphere of fashion designing, however, the European peasant has, up to the present, been considered of greater significance.

Gradually the American farmer and laborer have been creeping into the fashion picture. Last year, daytime sports clothes for men and women reflected our workingman's clothes. Designers adapted his overalls, his open-neck shirts, his loose jackets, and the denims and rough-weave materials from which they are

made. Smart people accepted them and soon they were being seen everywhere.

But even the fashion world gasped when, this summer, a bright young girl named Eloise Glover from New Orleans took 24 workmen's cheap colored handkerchiefs and made them into a glamorous evening dress.

Helen Bennett, haughty \$25 (minimum fee) model, here wears one of these bandanna dresses. Made of dark blue and white cotton handkerchiefs it sells for \$14.95 and is marketed as an "exclusive" style--i.e., it is sold only to one store in a city. Similar handkerchief in the amused workman's pocket is a plant,



● **NO DEPOSITS**
at any time, when
you buy your beer
IN CANS.

U.S. Workmen Fashions



This denim-type sports suit with its striped sports shirt looks at home in the rising steel structure of the Ford Building at the New York World's Fair. California is credited with being the first to use denim for a woman's sports wardrobe.



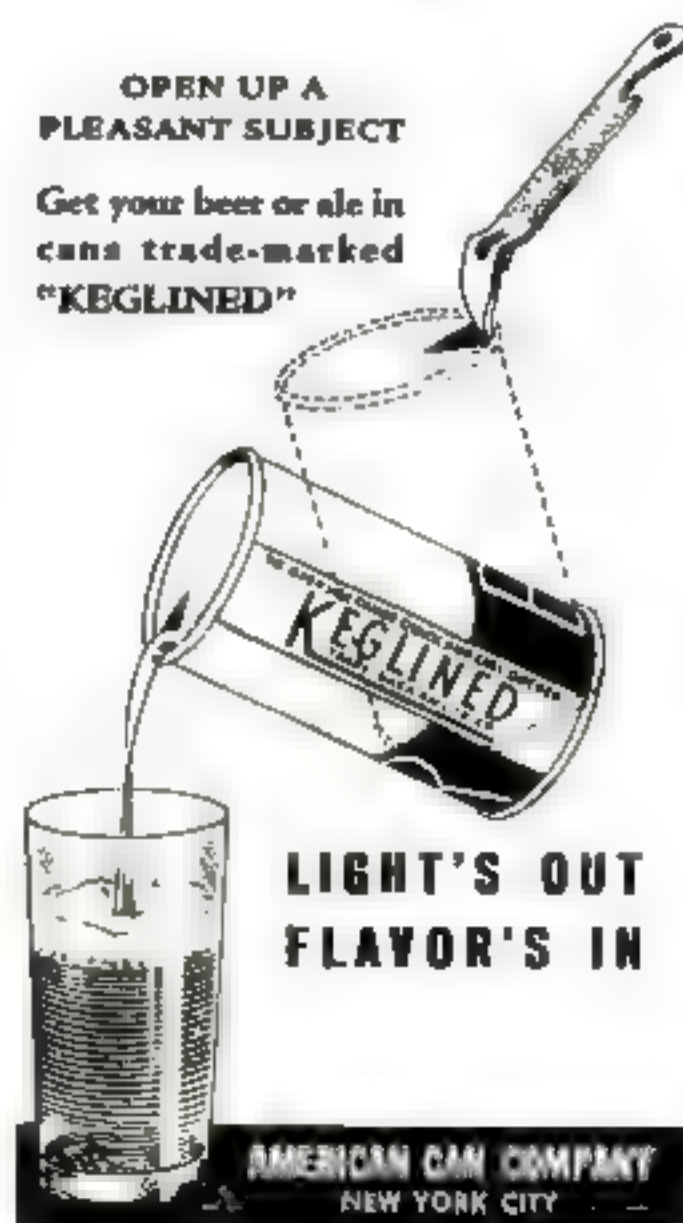
This red bandanna evening gown is similar to the one on opposite page. Other bandanna models are made for daytime and dinner wear. Frances Donelon, who models this dress, recently won *Redbook* Magazine Typical American Girl Contest



I am a Beer Can. I have no past—no future. I belong to YOU. I was brand new when I was filled. I'll never be used again. I am clean. I am safe. I am easy to carry, easy to stack. I protect the delicious flavor of beer and ale because I keep out harmful light.

OPEN UP A
PLEASANT SUBJECT

Get your beer or ale in
cans trade-marked
"KEGLINED"





UNDER THIS ROOF OF HIS RIDGEFIELD HOME
CHARLES SHEELER WORKS THE YEAR ROUND



SHEELER PAINTS A COVER FOR FORTUNE MAGAZINE.
BELOW, HE FOCUSES HIS CAMERA ON A STILL LIFE



AT 55 SHEELER LOOKS MORE LIKE A COLLEGE PROFESSOR THAN AN ARTIST

SHEELER FINDS BEAUTY IN THE COMMONPLACE

Classic form and function interest this artist most

"My motive was a purely personal one. I wanted to paint more than anything else," Charles Sheeler tells people who ask him about his career.

Born in Philadelphia in 1883 of an old Pennsylvania family, he was persuaded to attend that city's School of Industrial Art. Three long years there left him with an undiminished taste for the fine arts, and he spent the next three at the Pennsylvania Academy, summering in Europe where he thoughtfully explored gallery after gallery of Old Masters.

These years of study and observation crystallized into a classic approach to painting which took the form of depicting strictly functional objects with exactitude and with an almost religious preoccupation with form. Supporting himself by photography during the week, Sheeler spent his weekends painting in Bucks County where the early American architecture and furniture gave impetus to his passion for finding beauty in commonplace things fashioned

for use. In his spare time he plugged away at painting such objects as chairs, tables, stairways, kitchen utensils and machinery to good purpose.

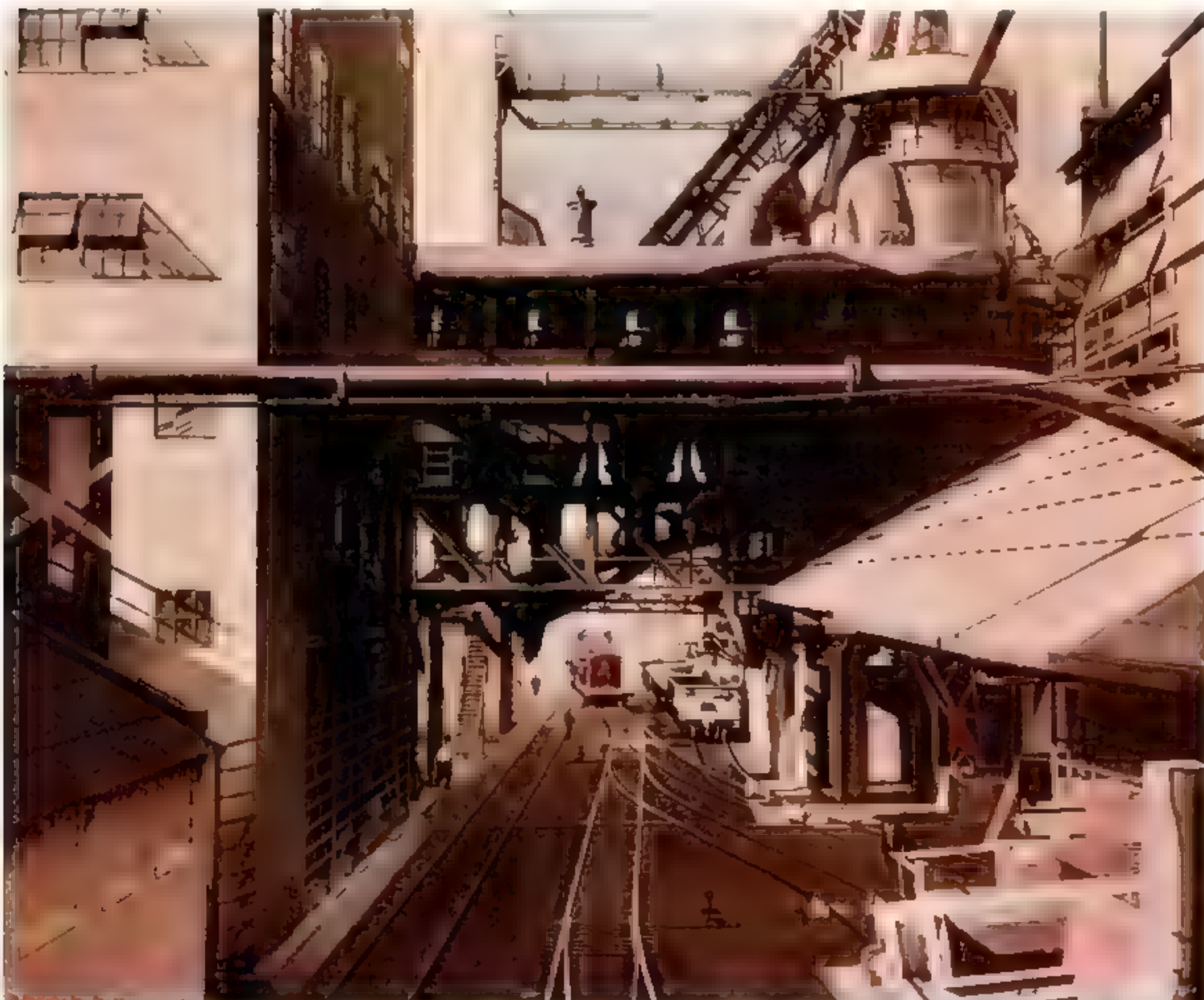
Today he is represented in museums of New York, Chicago, Boston, Worcester, and Springfield and in private collections ranging from that of Edsel Ford to Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr. This week he becomes the subject of a book by Constance Rourke to be published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. (\$3).

No escapist, Realist Sheeler says: "The artist isn't trying to run away from something. He's trying to run into something." Consistent Mr. Sheeler has for the past six years lived in a house at Ridgefield, Conn., full of exactly the sort of early American furniture he likes to paint. His major excursions have included trips to the Ford plants in Detroit and the Rockefeller Williamsburg restoration. Alone since the death of his wife in 1932, he works all day every day—"like any day laborer," he says.



Shaker Buildings portrays part of the Shaker settlement at Hancock, Mass. Founded in the U. S. about 150 years ago, this religious sect

frowned on sex relations and has nearly died out. This picture of an almost deserted settlement belongs to Miss Helen Resor of Connecticut



City Interior, a study of the Ford plant at River Rouge, sums up Sheeler's ten-year-reflection on U. S. industrialism. In its patterns

formed by overhead conveyers, tracks, pipes, roofs and the play of light, it is his most intricate work. It belongs to the Worcester Art Museum.

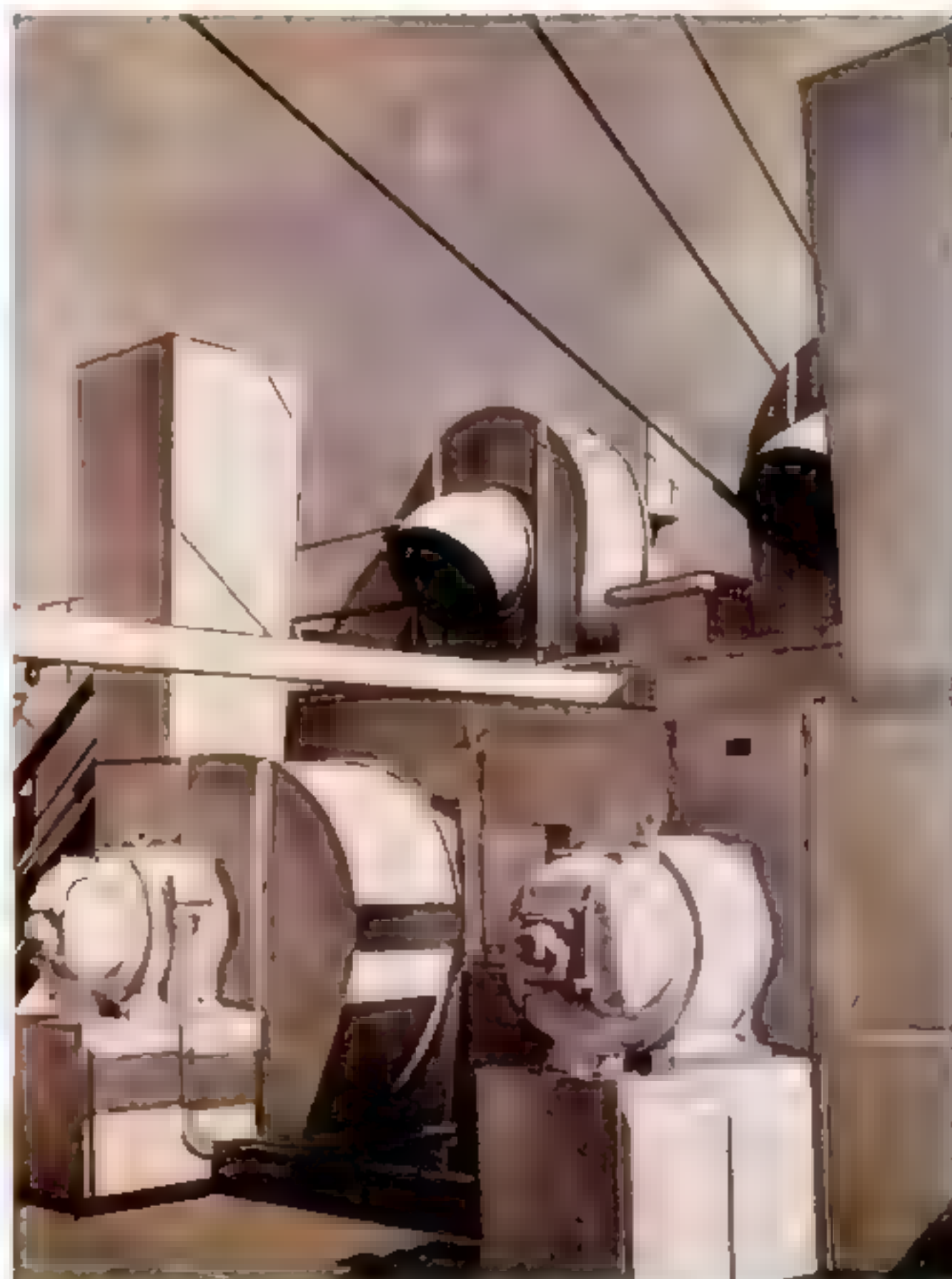


Kitchen, Williamsburg shows Governor's Palace's kitchen, which is Sheeler's favorite building in the Williamsburg restoration built by Rockefeller money.

Note the fine copper utensils, bread trough for setting dough overnight, spice chest and carrots bleached by the sun. Sheeler worked on this two months.



Staircase, Doylestown shows the interior of pre-Revolutionary house where Sheeler lived in Pennsylvania. A study in movement and balance, it belongs to Writer Matthew Josephson.



Upper Deck, the property of Harvard's Fogg Museum, shows structural design in a realistic manner. It hangs in the home of Harvard's President James B. Conant.

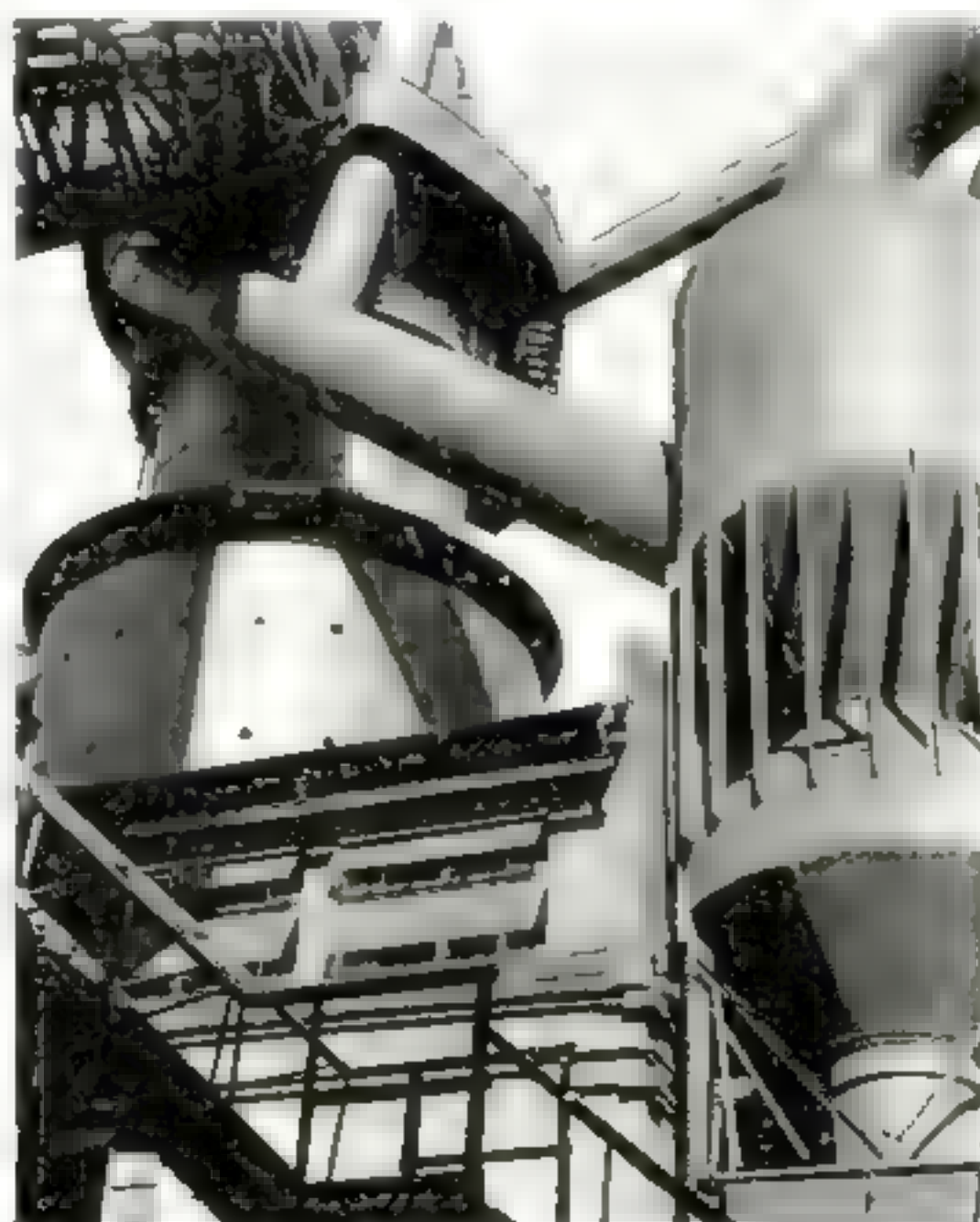


Cook, Williamsburg is Aunt Mary whom Sheeler photographed when he was painting there for the Rockefellers. "Mr. Rockefeller has taken pictures of me, so I guess you might as well

too," Aunt Mary told Sheeler. Because she is strictly a stuffed shirt in a kitchen where nothing is cooked, Aunt Mary is an exception to the Sheeler fondness for functionalism.



Stairwell treats photographically a commonplace functional theme often touched in Sheeler's painting.



Abstract—Ford Plant is one of a series of 32 photographs which Sheeler made in six weeks of clambering about the Dearborn plant.

PAINTER SHEELER'S SECOND LOVE IS PHOTOGRAPHING PLAIN THINGS

To support himself during the first two decades of his painting career, Charles Sheeler whose paintings have all the exactness of photography turned to the camera for a living. In line with his interest in structural form he photographed houses for architects' records. Later he took commercial pictures of fashion models for Condé Nast Publications. A by-product of these years was his collaboration on a movie short, *Mannahatta*, which used a variety of perspectives in treating skyscrapers.

Finally self-supporting from his savings and the increased sale of his paintings, he gave up the camera as a living in 1931 but still takes the kind of photographs shown on this page for his own pleasure. Out of his combined career he has evolved a philosophy of the camera and the brush: "Photography records inalterably the single image, while painting records a plurality of images willfully directed by the artist. . . . The encroachment of one upon the territory of the other is impossible."

SENIOR SWIMMERS, ALL UNDER 22, WIN ALL TITLES AT WOMEN'S NATIONAL MEET



The six champions who won senior titles at the Women's National Outdoor Championships at Santa Barbara, Calif., July 22-24 were all young. Left to right, they are: Iris Cummings, 17, 220-yd. breast stroke; Virginia Hopkins, 16,

100-yd. free style; Marjorie Gestring, 15; Ruth Jump, 18; Katherine Rawls Thompson, 21; Jeanne Loeppheuer, 18. Best years of a woman swimmer's life are 14-19. After that, the long, soft muscles necessary for swimming may harden.

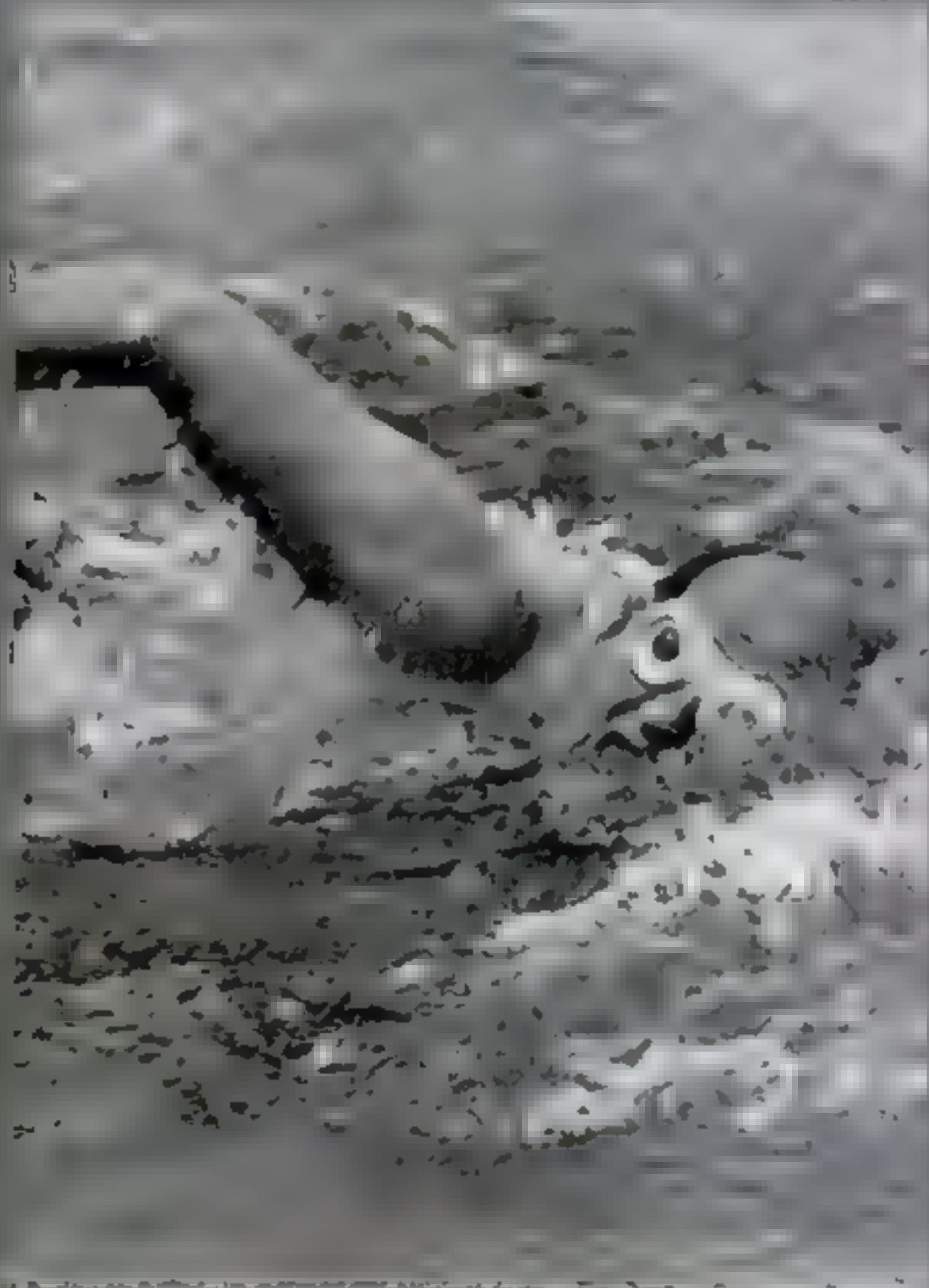


Ruth Jump, aptly named, won the platform-diving title for the third successive year. Ruth was born in Clarinda, Iowa, 18 years ago. A member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, she graduated from high school this year with a brilliant scholastic record.

FRENCHMAN SWIMS 70 MILES IN A FOG, BUT MISSES HIS GOAL



Paul Chotteau, 40-year-old Frenchman, stood on Santa Barbara Island July 23 getting himself thoroughly greased for a swim to Venice, Calif., a straight-line distance of 56 miles.



Through the Pacific's cold water Chotteau plowed 30 strokes to the minute. First day out he got a cramp, strained a shoulder and met a school of curious but peaceful sharks. But nothing stopped him. He was swimming to get publicity for the Venice Mardi Gras.



Chotteau rested by floating froglike in the water, chatting with his rowboat convoy. He hoped to beat his own long-distance feat set in 1936 when he swam 44 miles from Catalina to Malibu Beach.



Marjorie Gestring retained the three-meter springboard title she won last year, was second to Jump in platform dive. An Omaha girl, Marjorie won her event at the 1936 Olympic games when she was only 13, youngest champion in that year's games.



Jeanne Laupheimer of Brooklyn is the shapeliest of the new champions. She won the 220-yd. back stroke. An art student, she posed for the central figure in the mural which Leon Kroll painted for the U. S. Supreme Court Building.



Katherine Rawls Thompson, once known as "Minnow" Rawls and recently married, is the oldest of the champions — 21. She retained four titles (440-yd., 880-yd., one-mile free style and 300-meter medley), set a new world's mile mark.



Chotteau drank liquid food all the way, enjoying malted milks from cardboard containers (above). The going got hard the second day when currents kept him back and fog set in, bewildering his convoy who navigated largely by sound of dogs barking along the shore.



The end was failure. Led in a zigzag course by poor navigation, Chotteau was still ten miles from his goal after 45 hours. Discouraged and weary, the Frenchman began to sink, was rescued and revived aboard the

boat after covering about 70 miles. Few days later a Danish girl, Jenny Kammersgaard, swam 37 miles across the Baltic Sea from Denmark to Germany, subsisting along the way on fruit salad and fried eels.

NOBODY WILL RACE AGAINST JOE BURK, JERSEY FARM BOY AND WORLD'S BEST SCULLER

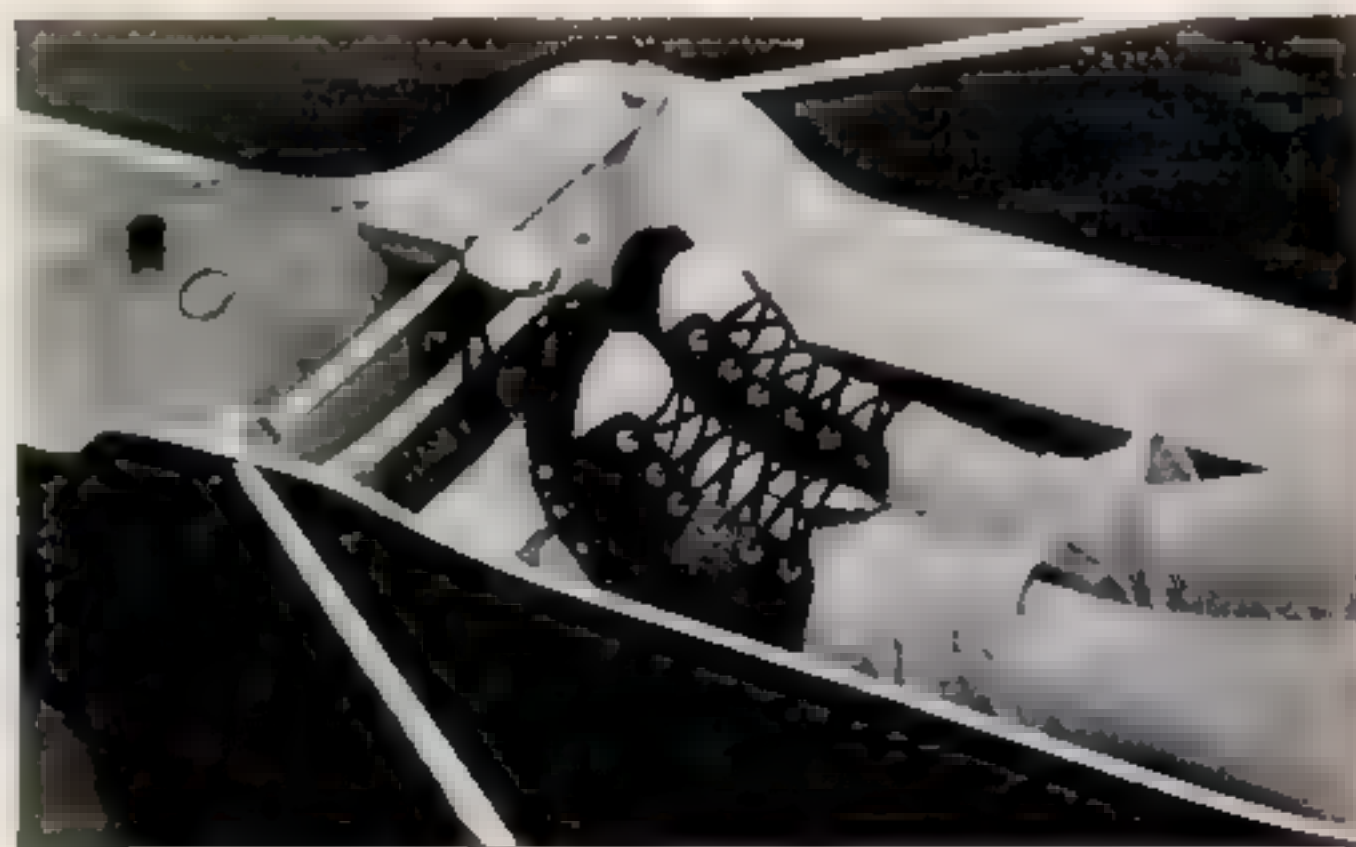


On July 21, Joe Burk retained his U. S. sculling title by rowing up the North Shrewsbury (N. J.) River alone. He rowed alone because nobody cared to challenge him. Nobody challenged him because every sculler knew that no one could beat him. Joe Burk is the greatest sculler in the world by such long odds that, July 2 at Henley, England, when he won the Diamond Sculls, the most prized of all sculling titles, he finished the 1 3/4-mile course 100 yd. ahead of his opponent.

Joe Burk is 24. A ruddy, talkative but modest farm boy, he was captain of University of Pennsylvania crew in 1934. After graduating, he went back to Bridgeboro, N. J., put on work clothes and toiled on his father's apple farm. Daily he rowed on nearby Rancocas Creek. There he developed the strange stroke (below) which last year won him both U. S. and Canadian titles.



Getting into a shell is a more delicate job than rowing one. Above, Burk balances carefully on his oars. His boat weighs 31 lb. Built by famed George Pocock, it cost \$100. Burk never watches an opponent, paces himself with a watch (below).

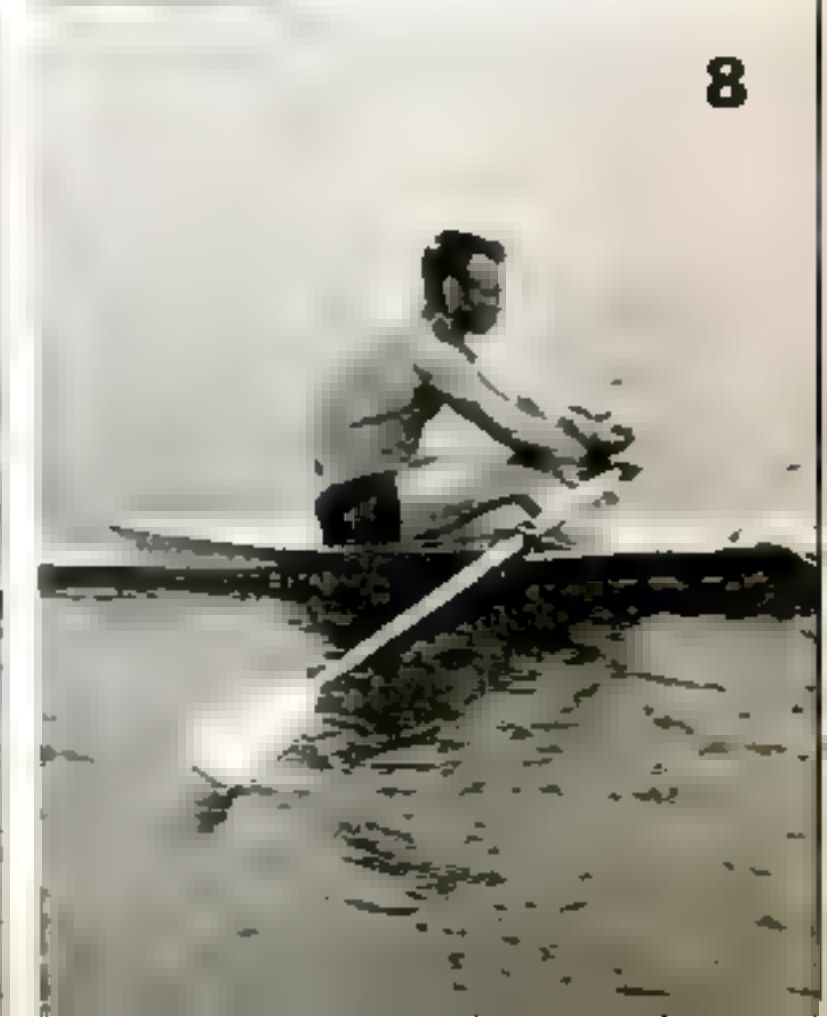


Burk's style is unorthodox

Joe Burk rows like no other sculler. He rows 40 strokes to the minute. Other scullers row 30. The "magoo-eye" sequence below shows how Burk does it. Knees and arms forward (1). Burk catches fast (2), drives hard (3) into

mid-stroke (4), jabbing through (5). He departs from orthodox by omitting the layback (6) coming quickly back (7) to next stroke (8). Eliminating layback makes high stroke possible. Careful timing prevents checking boat's run







SWING

THE HOTTEST AND BEST KIND OF JAZZ REACHES ITS GOLDEN AGE



TOMMY DORSEY

It was the fashion two years ago, and a year ago, and six months ago to say that the form of jazz called "Swing" was on the way out. It is still the fashion to say that Swing is on the way out. Maybe so—but the fact is that, as of August 1938, Swing is the most popular kind of popular music.

Proof comes most emphatically from broadcasting chains who report that more than half the dance numbers played today are done in swing style and that Swing is played 50% more frequently today than it was a year ago. And every half-dozen college boys who merge windy trombones with tremulous saxophones to form a summer-resort band automatically name themselves "Somebody's Swing Sextet." The public wants Swing even though it isn't sure what Swing is.

The most articulate hot musician cannot give a strict definition of Swing. But all definitions agree that Swing is based on: 1) a driving but fluid and unmechanical rhythm over which 2) soloists improvise as they play. Whatever the definition, everyone admits that of all jazz Swing is musically the most vital and interesting. Today it is enjoying its golden era not only popularly but artistically. Never before have there been so many fine swing musicians playing and being permitted to play their own unhampered style.

Swing's first age of glory began a dozen years ago. Spreading north with Negroes from New Orleans after the War (see p. 52), its influence focused in Chicago in 1926 around Bix Beiderbecke (see p. 54). It died in 1931, revived in 1934 with the success of Benny Goodman (below) and the visitation of the jitterbugs (see p. 56). The rush to Swing began. Among the bands it carried to the top are those led by the men whose pictures surround this text. But of all white swing bands, the greatest ever assembled is the one led by Benny Goodman, a remarkable clarinetist and band leader. He and his band earn \$400,000 a year, a third of which goes to Benny, another third to his players (see below).



ARTIE SHAW



BOB CROSBY



RED NORVO



Benny Goodman's Band



WITH THIS BAND, "KING" OLIVER STARTED SWING ON THE WAY TO ITS PRESENT STYLE. NOTE INSCRIPTION



ABOVE: "DUKE" ELLINGTON & BAND IN FRANTIC MOOD; BELOW: "COUNT" BASIE & BAND AT FAMOUS DECK, N. Y.



SWING'S BLACK ROYALTY

Sometime after 1900, Swing was born in New Orleans where even funeral bands, having played respectfully on the way to the cemetery, broke into jazz on the way home. In 1914, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band (white) brought jazz out of its birthplace. Modern Swing came out with two trumpeters, "King" Oliver and "Prince" Armstrong who, like the most royal of Swing's personages, were Negroes.

The late Joe "King" Oliver took the rough, street-corner jazz of New Orleans, cleaned it up and gave it form. "Prince" Louis ("Satchelmouth") Armstrong, who had learned to play trumpet in a waifs' home, learned to play Swing in Oliver's band, perfected his style under Fletcher Henderson. Blessed with unbelievable technique and a rich imagination, Armstrong became the greatest of all Swing musicians.

Quieter, more studious than the rampant Armstrong is Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington. Only a fair pianist but an extraordinary leader-composer-arranger, Ellington has taught his superb band to play the subtlest and most varied kind of jazz. Bill "Count" Basie, a top-notch pianist, has written a major Swing classic, *One O'Clock Jump*.

"Prince" Louis Armstrong



"SATCHELMOUTH" SWEATS OVER HIS HORN IN MEMORABLE JAM SESSION BACKSTAGE AT PARAMOUNT THEATER, N.Y. WATCHING: TOMMY DONKEY, TROMBONE; BUD FREEMAN, SAX

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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A YOUNG MAN WITH A HOT HORN BECAME HERO OF FACT & FICTION



BIX AT AGE OF THREE

In 1922 Louis Armstrong, years ahead of his time in Swing, was playing his colossal solos with King Oliver in Chicago. A promising 19-year-old white trumpeter named "Bix" Beiderbecke heard him and realized immediately that Armstrong's music was true hot style, that by comparison his own playing was faltering and "corny" (i.e. stale and outdated). Bix Beiderbecke was too fine a musician to be simply an imitator. But he boldly decided to absorb Negro style, which white musicians then scorned to play. The decision was momentous. It made Bix the greatest of white trumpeters (he actually played cornet) and the most im-

portant of all white jazz influences. It also brought him early death and posthumous fame. Last May, *Young Man With a Horn*, a novel by Dorothy Baker based on Bix's life, was published. A good book, it is now a best-seller.

Leon Bismarck Beiderbecke was born to a staid merchant of Davenport, Iowa in 1903. When he was 3 and still wearing bangs and dresses (as at left) he could play one-finger pieces on the piano. Later he learned to play the cornet by listening to phonograph records. Shipped off to Lake Forest Academy near Chicago, the city which was fast becoming the country's Swing capital, he stayed in school only one year, left to start his jazz career, got jobs in small bands. After 1923, his style suddenly became mature. Around him gathered dozens of hot players who have since become famous—Teagarden, Russell, Dorsey, Freeman, Trumbauer, etc. All were profoundly influenced and inspired by Bix. In 1927, Bix reached the top. Paul Whiteman took him on as first trumpet.

When musicians talk about Bix's playing, they gasp for adjectives. He had tremendous drive and lift. His tone was ravishing, his taste sure, his improvisations amazingly rich. When musicians talk about Bix as a person, they recall him as a dour, reticent man, with a small face that went tense and agonized when he played as if he were trying to blow himself into his horn. His only interest was music. After quitting work in the early morning, he would round up other musicians, go off on long, exhausting, drunken "jam" sessions. He led the irregular, dissipated life that swing players have always led.

Bix always felt frustrated. His music never satisfied him. He always wanted to do things that were beyond the capacity of either his instrument or his music. He drove himself too hard. In 1931, his worn, unhappy body broke down. Bix caught a summer cold, quickly succumbed. He was only 27 when he died.



At Lake Forest, Bix (rear left) played so hot for a dance that the headmaster, upset by the resulting bunny hugging, made him stop.



Bix's Rhythm Tugboats was an early recording hand. Bix (center) formed it when 20. The trombonist is now great Tommy Dorsey.



The Wolverines, one of the early good white swing bands, gave Bix his first big break in 1923. Like the band, Bix earned more reputation than money. He left the Wolverines in 1924. In 1926 he joined Jean Goldkette who had the best white hot orchestra of his day.



Paul Whiteman (left) took Bix (arrow) away from Goldkette in 1927, kept him until he died in 1931. Whiteman played "symphonic" style rather than Swing but always hired hot players for key posts.

In a musician's pocket, the tattered snap-shot at right was found in LIFE's search for Bix pictures. Taken at an amusement park it shows (seated, l. to r.), Pee-Wee Russell, M. Mesrobian, Bix, Eddie Condon.

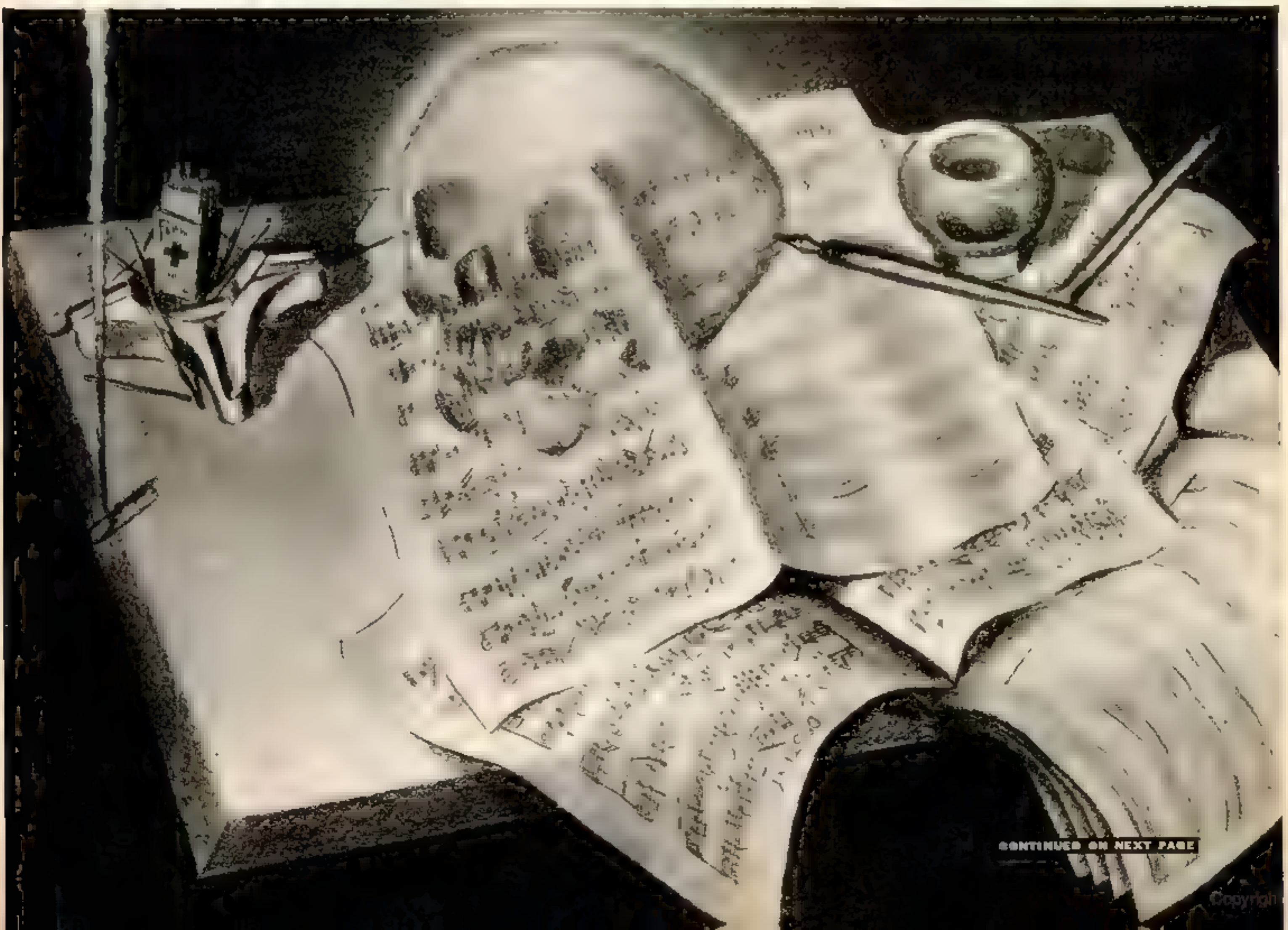




The mood of Swing has been beautifully captured in the two illustrations on this page, the work of a hot double-bass player named George von Plavster. They appeared

first in *Down Beat* Swing's trade paper. Above is *Jam Session*. Four players, their night's work over, have gathered in a cheap hotel room to relax with a few hours of more

music. At just such golden-gatherings, B.A. blew his heart out. *Destiny below* makes an appropriate comment on the quickly-ended, frustrated life of B.A. Berlebecke.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Copyright

JITTERBUGS ARE POISON AND BREAD & BUTTER

Bix Beiderbecke, an earnest artist, would turn sadly over in his grave if he knew that the art for which he died had been taken over by the jitterbugs. Jitterbugs are the extreme swing addicts who get so excited by its music that they cannot stand or be still while it is being played. They must prance around in wild exhibitionist dances (like those below), or yell and scream loudly (like the jitterbug on opposite page). In their quieter moments, they discuss Swing with weird words like *jive*, *gut-bucket*, *dog-house*, *push-pipe*, *agony-pipe*.

To the hot musician, jitterbugs are plain poison. But they must be humored because they have brought prosperity to Swing. In 1931, with the depression, the death of Beiderbecke and the rise of "sweet" bands, the interest in Swing grew faint. Only a few jazz-lovers wanted to listen to Swing. Hot players took refuge in sweet bands, relieved their inner urge in jam sessions. In 1934, Benny Goodman played on a three-hour dance broadcast. He proved phenomenally more popular than any other band that shared the program. Swing came back and with it the Shag and Lindy Hop and a plague of jitterbugs.

The hot musician knows today that jitterbugs are the people who pay to get into dance halls, night clubs and big outdoor arenas to hear him play, who buy his phonograph records and who listen to swing radio programs. But he shudders when he hears Benny Goodman announce his next radio number as a "killer-diller," knowing very well that Benny in private life would never dream of describing anything as a "killer-diller." The hot musician is further annoyed when jitterbugs burst into impolite applause after a soloist has finished his chorus. But the hot musician doesn't care how strange or frantic the jitterbug dancers get just so long as they don't come up on the bandstand which, sometimes, they do.



FEMALE JITTERBUGS GREET BENNY GOODMAN'S ARRIVAL IN LOS ANGELES WITH THIS "SINGLE-TRUCK" SALUTE



MALE JITTERBUGS FLING EACH OTHER AROUND AT OUTDOOR SWING SESSION ON RANDALL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK



SOCIALITE JITTERBUGS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Effect of Swing on a Jitterbug



(continued)



Bud Freeman, the best white tenor sax player alive who works with Benny Goodman, jumps off the stand in the recording studio. Seated is George Wetting, drummer for Red Norvo.



"Serenade to a Shylock," sketched by Jack Teagarden (with pencil), was played. The title has no relation to the lyrics, was chosen because a dunning creditor was waiting outside.



Teagarden sings while Russell plays a clarinet obbligato. Teagarden is vocalist and trombonist for Whiteman. Russell plays with Bobby Hackett's band at Nick's in New York.

SWING

Page 58

HOT PLAYERS MAKE 12-IN. RECORDS

The most exciting swing performances have been given by groups of pick-up musicians who met in jam session or recording studio for the simple delight of playing as they pleased. Bix Beiderbecke always dreamed of getting together a great pick-up band, making twelve-inch records—long enough to give soloists chance to round out their work. For the frustrated Bix, the dream never came true. But a short while ago in a Manhattan recording studio, the kind of band Bix longed for came together to make the twelve-inch records he wanted to make. They were from five different bands. All but two had played with Bix. Two of them, Russell and Condon, appear in the tattered snapshot on page 54. Mostly they recorded never-written songs, whose general outlines were sketched in on the spot. Like most good Swing, the music was literally composed by the player as he played. Released under the "Commodore" label, the records will probably become collectors' items. For other great hot records, see page 60.



BOBBY HACKETT BLOWS HIS HORN



Eddie Condon, guitar, worries over a point with Milton Gabler, who produced the records. Gabler runs the Commodore Music Shop in Manhattan, mecca for hot record collectors.



The song is recorded first on soft wax disks, shown above during recording. From this, a metal mold called the "master" is made. From the master, final records are pressed.

"PEE-WEE"

When a hot player takes his solo, he becomes the picture of complete and agonized absorption. This is "Pee-Wee" Russell, who has a long elastic face. From his etched fingers to his arched eyebrows, Pee-Wee puts everything into the beautifully-wrought improvisations that come out of his clarinet.



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HERE ARE 30 GOOD HOT RECORDS

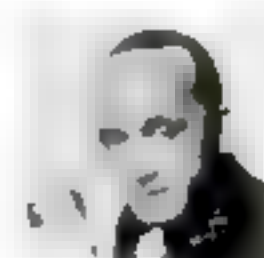
LIFE has compiled, from considered opinions of experts, a list of good swing records. Printed below, they form the nucleus of a good collection for those who would like to know more about hot music. The list does not include hard-to-get collectors' items. All these disks can be bought at stores which keep a fairly complete hot stock. Included are some items of special interest like the Beiderbecke piano solo (Bix was almost as good on the piano as on the horn) and the freak swing success, *Flat Foot Floogie*.



E. BERRIGAN



E. FITZGERALD



F. HENDERSON



T. WILSON



J. MARSALA



M. BAILEY



S. SMITH



C. BOSWELL



F. WALLER



G. KRUPA



M. SULLIVAN



SLIM & SLAM

ALBERT AMMONS, PIANO: "BOOGIE WOOGIE STOMP"; DECCA 743

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, TRUMPET: "WEST END BLUES"; OKEN 41078

MILDRED BAILEY, VOCALIST: "LONG ABOUT MIDNIGHT"; VOCALION 3373

BIX BEIDERBECKE, CORNET: "RIVER-BOAT SHUFFLE"; COMMODORE 25-30

BIX BEIDERBECKE, PIANO: "IN A MIST"; OKEN 40918

BENNY BERRIGAN, CORNET: "I CAN'T GET STARTED"; BRUNSWICK 7343

CONNIE BOSWELL, VOCAL: "BOB WHITE"; DECCA 1443

EDDY CONDON'S WINDY CITY SEVEN: "CARNegie DRAG"; COMMODORE MUSIC SHOP 1509

BOB CROSBY'S BAND: "SOUTH HAM-PART STREET PARADE"; DECCA 15918

TOMMY DORSEY, TROMBONE: "STARDUST"; VICTOR 25328

DUKE ELLINGTON'S BAND: "CLARINET LAMENT"; BRUNSWICK 7343

ELLA FITZGERALD, VOCAL (CHICK WEBB'S BAND): "A-TISKET A-TASKET"; DECCA 15448

BENNY GOODMAN, CLARINET: "DON'T BE THAT WAY"; VICTOR 25712

BENNY GOODMAN QUARTET: "MOONGLOW"; VICTOR 25395

FLETCHER HENDERSON, BAND: "MONEY BLUES"; COLUMBIA 383 D

GENE KRUPA, DRUMS: "BLUES OF ISRAEL"; PARLOPHONE R 2224

MEADE LUX LEWIS, PIANO: "YANCY SPECIAL"; DECCA 819

JOE MARSALA, CLARINET: "HOT STRING BEANS"; VOC. 4106

RED NORVO, XYLOPHONE: "BLUES IN E FLAT"; COL. 3873

KING OLIVER, TRUMPET: "DIP-PEN MOUTH BLUES"; OKEN 4018

ARTIE SHAW, CLARINET: "NIGHTMARE"; BRUNSWICK 7343

BESSIE SMITH, VOCAL: "YOUNG WOMAN'S BLUES"; COMMODORE MUSIC SHOP 5-6

STUFF SMITH, VIOLIN: "YOU'RE A VIPER"; VOCALION 3281

JOE SULLIVAN, PIANO: "HONEY-SUCKLE ROSE"; COMMODORE MUSIC SHOP 31-32

JACK TEAGARDEN, TROMBONE: "DIANE"; COMMODORE 815

FATS WALLER, PIANO: "DINAH"; VICTOR 25471

TEDDY WILSON, PIANO: "BODY AND SOUL"; VICTOR 25118

MARY LOU WILLIAMS, PIANO: "OVERHAND"; DECCA 781

MAXINE SULLIVAN, VOCAL: "LOCH LOMOND"; VOC. 384

SLIM AND SLAM, VOCAL AND DOUBLE BASS: "FLAT FOOT FLOOGIE"; VOCALION 4121

MOTORISTS:

A SURE WAY TO END SQUEAKS



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"WITH A RECORD LIKE THAT, IT'S TIME I DISCOVERED MOBILGREASE, TOO."





JOE DAY GREETES ONE OF SUN-SOAKED CUSTOMERS AT MANHATTAN BEACH. THE BROAD WHITE HAT AND BLACK BOW TIE ARE HIS STANDARD COSTUME

Life Goes to Manhattan Beach

With Joe Day, its amazing owner, who gladhands some of his 100,000 paying guests

On an average hot Saturday or Sunday in summer, 100,000 New Yorkers spread their persons and belongings over Manhattan Beach and two smaller, sister beaches on the southern shore of Brooklyn. Most of them come by subway. They are middle-class people, a cut above those who flock to Coney Island, a cut below patrons of distant Jones Beach. All day long they soak in the sun, gossip, exercise and play. Most of them put on bathing suits but only one in three goes in the water, only one in seven really swims.

Manhattan Beach and its two neighbor beaches are the creation of an amazing man named Joseph P. Day. "Joe" Day is the greatest auctioneer of real estate who ever lived. Manhattan Beach, built out of a mixture of sound business sense and a real love for the

common people, is his monument and pride. Joe Day built a beach for the masses without the noisy dirty midway of Coney. There is just as much doing, but it takes the form of calisthenics, basketball, rhythmic dancing, art and music classes, swing-band concerts and diving displays. Many of Mr. Day's customers pay \$25 a season for a private bath-house. The rest pay up to \$1.50 for a day's admission. Beyond that, everything is free but the food.

Joe Day at 64 is many, many times a millionaire but he likes nothing better than to spend a steaming Sunday on his Brooklyn beach. He pumps his paying guests by the hand, claps them on the back and salutes them in a booming auctioneer's voice. On this page you see Mr. Day at his genial best. For his clients, turn the page.

JOE DAY DOTES ON BABIES



HE LIKES GROWNUPS TOO



HE ADMIRES LADY ARTISTS



HE THRIVES ON CROWDS



... AND ON BUTTERNUT



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Sitting on the beach is a full day's fun for thousands who never get nearer to the water than this. Armed with news-

papers, they swell Joe Day's coffers by renting his chairs at 25¢ each, buying 25,000 lb. of hot dogs every summer



Diving instruction at Manhattan Beach starts with jumping on a trampoline. Above is Instructor Eugene Flores.



Punching the bag is a beach attraction for girls as well as men. Athletics go on all day until the 8:30 p.m. closing



Ballet classes juggle patrons off jumpy Brooklyn hips. Activities like this keep the customers temporarily standing up, prevent overcrowding of the no-excess-large beach space.



A guest artist at Manhattan Beach recently was 20-year-old Dawn Rolland, who under the name Dawn O'Day has danced in hotels and shows, is now rehearsing a musical comedy.

SOME OF MR. DAY'S LADY GUESTS GET A SUPERVISED WORKOUT. MANY ARE MOTHERS WHO CHECK THEIR BABIES IN A 'KIDDIE PARK.'



TO THE *Beach* OR A *Bridge game*

AN ENGINE KEPT CLEAN WITH *Distilled Oil* RUNS MORE SMOOTHLY



Sunset at Cannon Beach, Oregon

HERE'S why an engine kept clean with Havoline can bring you more enjoyment whether you use your car for long drives or just to run around town.

You get more power, faster getaways, smoother running! For Havoline is tar-free. It does not leave power-stealing tarry residues.

You get more from your gasoline. For Havoline does not deposit the hard carbon that causes knocking, that wears down

piston rings and makes valves stick.

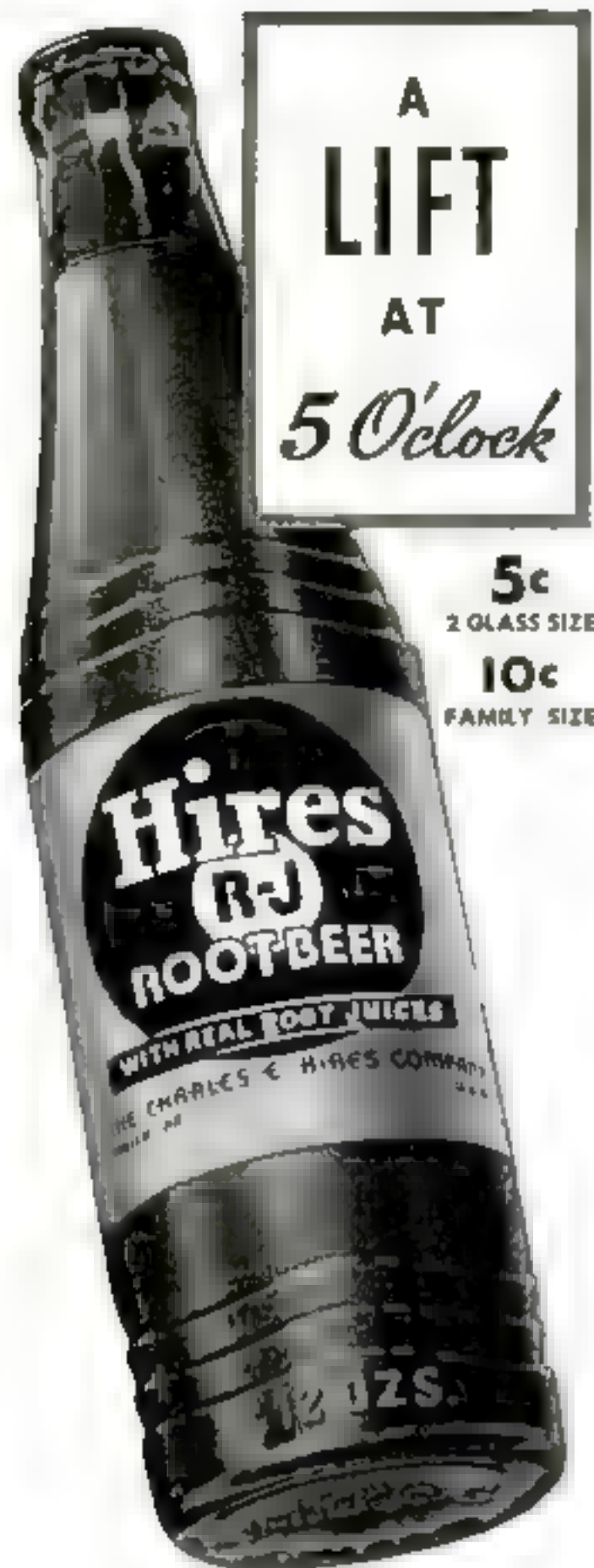
You save on repair bills, because Havoline leaves no harmful gritty deposits to cause excess wear.

Havoline does these things because it's distilled. Every drop of it is first turned to vapor to eliminate dangerous impurities. No finer oil could be made. So why not let Havoline help you get more pleasure from your car? It's on sale at Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.



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How state after state is raising trade barriers against the products of other states, and how this discrimination is depriving U.S. business of its single greatest advantage, the traditional free American market, is revealed by Raymond Leslie Buell, President of the Foreign Policy Association in FORTUNE for August—an issue in which you will also find

Camel Cigarettes
Czechoslovakia
The XIIIth Quarterly Survey
(Part II)
Coney Is and
Baby Railroad
Outboard Motors
Martin of the Stock Exchange

FORTUNE is sold by subscription only at 25¢ East 22nd St., Chicago. The price is \$10 the year.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS



MISSIONARIES

Sirs

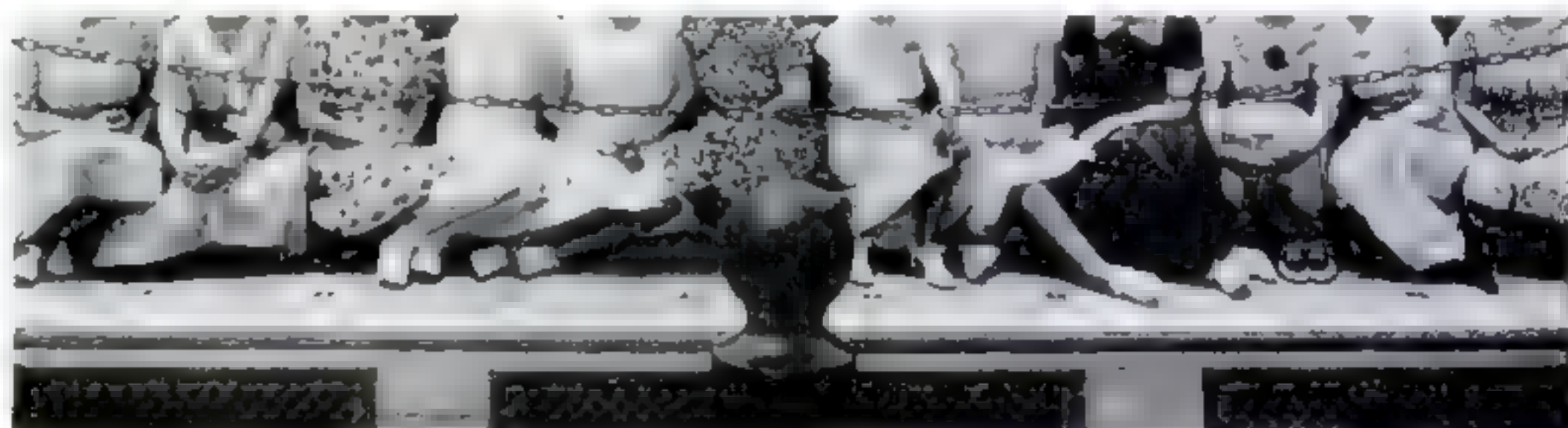
I was called out to a summer training school for missionaries and asked to take a group picture. About the time I had the group all set one of the head ladies said, "Don't you think it would be better if we put some of the missionaries and teachers on the front row? Some of those girls might look as though they had on no clothes." I told her I would take one my way and then take one with the older ladies in the front row

Which is better, the frank unposed youth (above) or those with the Leon Errol limbs trying to be modest (below)? I ask you.

Earl Carroll used to be a song plugger with me on the gay White Way when he wrote *Sprinkle Me with Kisses* and Sophie Tucker was the rage at Reimwebers on the Circle.

Ponca City, Okla.

MORTON HARVEY



SHIRLEY'S SALMON

Sirs

You say in LIFE (July 11) that Shirley Temple told the President she caught her salmon in Vancouver. She didn't. She caught it at Brentwood, near Victoria, Vancouver Island, B. C. which is a horse of a very different color. Shirley Temple was staying with her parents at the Empress Hotel, Canadian Pacific hostelry of which I have the pleasure of being the press representative. Here's a picture of Shirley and her salmon at Brentwood.

GWEN CASH

Victoria, B. C.



SHIRLEY'S SNOWBALL

Sirs

"In Berthoud Pass of the Rockies," says LIFE, "Shirley Temple threw her first snowball." Here is definite proof Shirley's arm was in good shape two summers ago when she was a Rainier National Park guest. Top photo shows Shirley looking over the masterpiece which a moment later she playfully tosses at Fred Theime, a park guide, who was taking the picture (below). Mount Rainier is shown in the background

JOE F. CARAHER
Manager of Publicity

Rainier National Park Company
Seattle, Wash.

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**"If my overhead
would only stop, too!"**

His fire insurance will repair the damage and replace the ruined merchandise, but it can't replace the income lost while the establishment is closed for repairs. In the meantime, his fixed charges must be met . . . taxes, interest, executive salaries, etc. He'd face no such problem if he'd protected his business with Prospective Earnings Insurance, which would pay him the income he would earn had the fire not occurred.



THAT it is possible to protect the intangible, such as the earning power of a business temporarily stopped by fire or other hazard, is indicative of the breadth of the protective service that modern insurance provides.

A loss is a loss . . . whether fire causes the cancellation of a favorable business lease, or

a dishonest employee helps himself to your money or merchandise, or fire forces you from your home and you have to rent temporary living quarters elsewhere. Insure your business, home and other property against every source of loss. Any North America Agent, or your broker, will tell you which

policies you should have. Consult him as you would your doctor or lawyer.

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- 1—Get an Entry Blank from any store where Royal Portable Typewriters are sold, or write to the Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.
- 2—Send in prints of as many different photographs as you wish with Entry Blank properly signed, so that they will arrive on or before midnight, Friday, September 2, 1933.

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS

- 1—Prints will be judged on the basis of their human interest and quality. The opinion of the judges will be final.
- 2—All entrants will be advised of judges' decision on or before October 15, 1933.

JUDGES: Picture Editor, LIFE Magazine; Editor, MINICAM

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Magazine: Picture Editor, TIMES WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

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In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

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ROYAL PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

"CALL" BUILDING TO CENTRAL TOWER

Sirs:

Here is a series of pictures showing an historic old San Francisco landmark in the process of being streamlined by a face-lifting operation. They are even modernizing the name to Central Tower.

Erected in 1898, the rococo structure was hailed at the time as a masterpiece of modern steel-frame skyscraper construc-

tion. The expectations of the architects were realized in the disaster of 1906 when the building withstood the earthquake, only to be gutted by the fire which afterwards destroyed most of San Francisco. With the fire damage speedily repaired, the building housed for many years the old San Francisco Call and its bulbous tower was a familiar landmark in San Francisco's changing skyline.

FRED R. LUNDY
San Francisco, Calif.



APRIL 25, 1906



SEPTEMBER 1937



DECEMBER 1937



JANUARY 1938



MARCH 1938



JUNE 1938

a Drink **CUE** for Picnic Time!

by ED SULLIVAN . . . Famous Columnist

"Try this Gin Sour to give thirst-aid to wilted guests at barbecues or picnics! Refreshing and flavorful, it's a national Summer favorite. And Hiram Walker's super-smooth gins win first prize as the preferred ingredient in this delicious 'cooler'. Actual figures show that America buys more Hiram Walker gins than any other kind!"



HOW TO MAKE

Gin Sour

FOR TWO

2 teaspoons Powdered Sugar
Juice of 1 Lime
Juice of 1 Lemon
3 ozs. Hiram Walker's Gin*

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses and fill up with carbonated water. Decorate with fruit as desired.

*For perfect results from any gin recipe, insist upon Hiram Walker Gins. They're made by Hiram Walker's exclusive Controlled Condensation Process that insures uniformly smooth, perfect flavor in every bottle.



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